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Saturday Review

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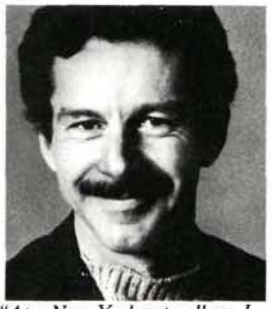

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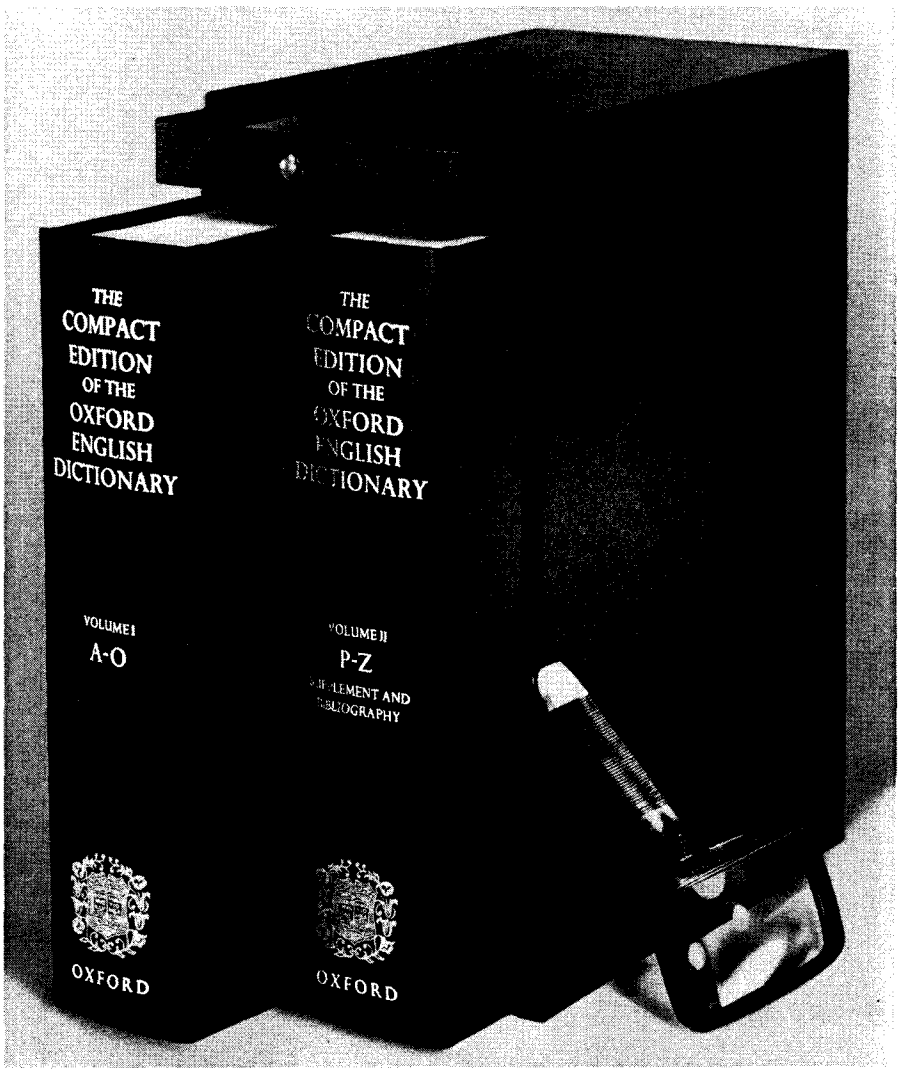

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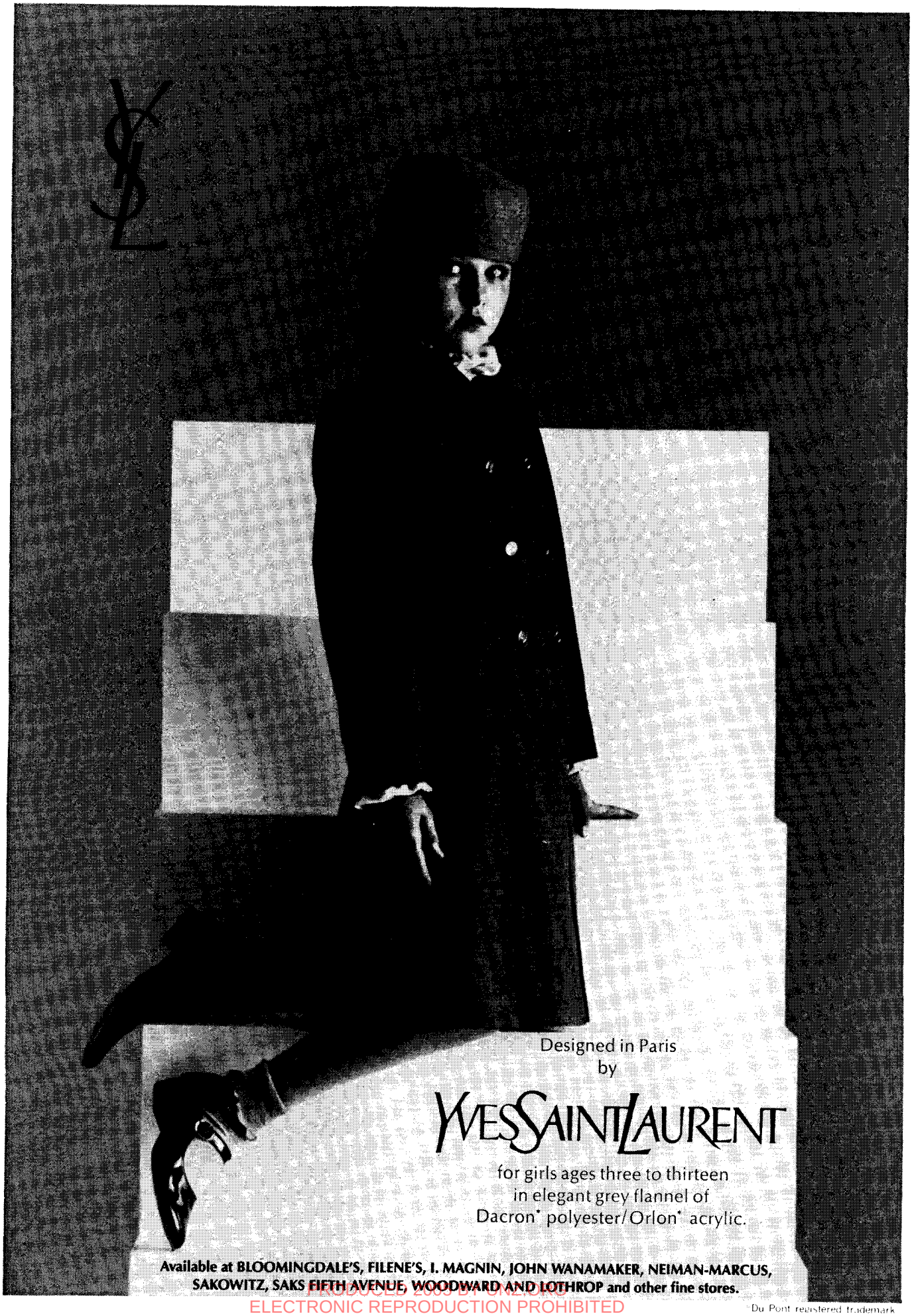
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Saturday Review

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LETTERS

A Franc Appraisal of Lafite

I enjoyed Sam Aaron and Clifton Fadiman's article, "The Grapes of Rothschild" [Wine News, June 9]. The thought of participating in such a tasting makes me hyperventilate. However, I believe that the prices quoted for the wines are misleading. For example, to enjoy the grandeur of Lafite, most readers would buy by the bottle and my firm's negotiants in France currently quote 110 French francs per bottle for 1976 vintage. When one adds the cost of shipping and a normal mark-up to wholesale and retail, one would expect to pay $41 per bottle rather than the $30 quoted in the article.

Thomas J. Wegmann
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Sam Aaron and Clifton Fadiman reply: French wines are consistently less expensive in the United States than they are in Bordeaux and Paris because 1) French prices include a 17 percent value added tax and 2) the French, when selling at retail, are accustomed to working on a much larger percentage of profit. Our experience shows that prominent retailers in such cities as New York, Chicago, Milwaukee, and San Francisco do sell Lafite '76 for $30 a bottle. Costs for shipping plus all taxes in trucking combined are negligible. They usually do not exceed $5 a case.

Fetal Rights Continued

This is just a personal appreciation for your enterprise and courage in running "The Power of Fetal Politics" by Roger Williams [June 9]. The same intolerant people who are featured in the article had the gall to invade the White House (successfully) before the last election and gain the acquiescence of the President through their threats. Boycott, reprisal, and physical intimidation are their stock in trade.

John F. Osborn
San Jose, California

Please permit one bemused Protestant to join those irate Catholics who doubtless reacted to the statement in "The Power of Fetal Politics": "Some of the anti-abortion rhetoric in the Catholic press is positively venal, and there are instances of its apparently leading to violence." What has anti-abortion rhetoric to do with venality?

Aside from this malapropism, I found the article snide, biased, and patronizing toward the admittedly large body of voters who disagree with the author's views.

Wallace L. Ohrt
Seattle, Washington

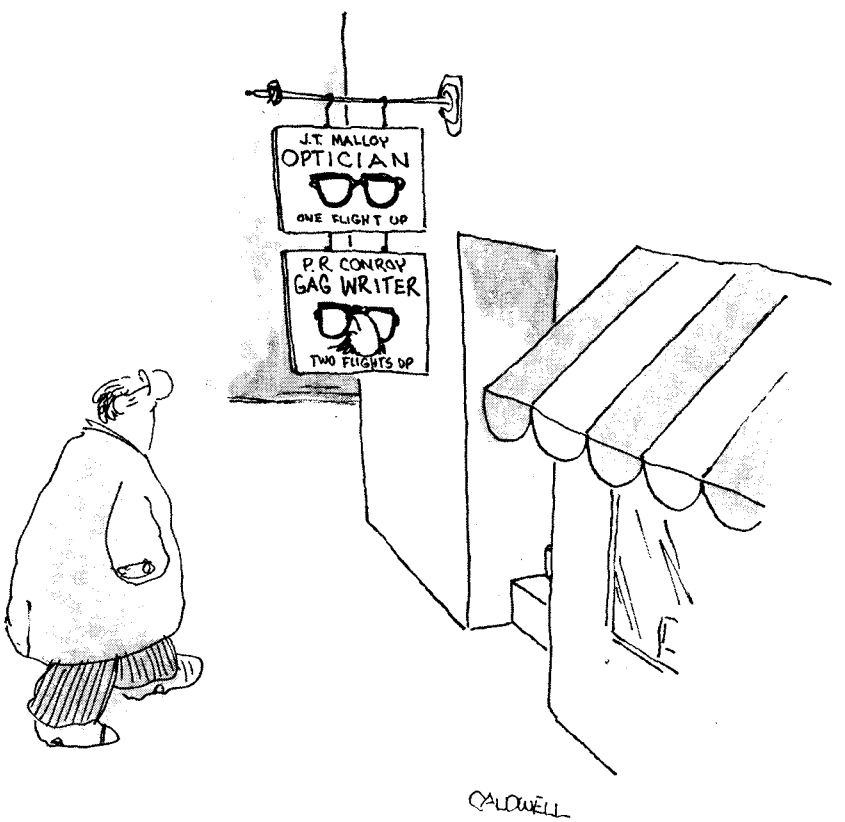
I appreciated Roger Williams's fine article. I have been very concerned for some time about the power of the anti-abortion forces and their close ties to the Catholic Church; I sense a very serious infringement of the principles of separation of church and state.

What comes next? If the anti-abortion people have their way on abortion, what is to prevent them from going on to other church issues? Will they not try to ban contraceptives? On national television one leader of the movement even advocated abstinence as the only true moral contraceptive.

Ernest Wold
Pennington, Minnesota

Thank you for "The Power of Fetal Politics" by Roger Williams. I don't believe I exaggerate in stating that it was an act of courage for *Saturday Review* to publish this piece.

Sheryl B. Zabel
Fairport, New York



A Reminder From the Regions

In defense of "B. Dalton: The Leader of the Chain Gang" [June 9], we would like to call attention to the firm's interest in regional books, an aspect of its business that was mentioned but not emphasized in Bruce Porter's article.

As a small publisher in the limited field of Minnesota history, we have had first-hand experience with B. Dalton's loyalty to regional books. The chain does stock worthwhile regional titles that certainly are not best-sellers, including locally issued poetry and the books of small presses. And its stores willingly take orders for books not in stock.

This expanding chain brings our books to previously inaccessible areas. Perhaps it would do no harm to remind your readers that not all publishing these days is done in New York City.

June D. Holmquist
Minnesota Historical Society
St. Paul, Minnesota

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The Holocaust: A Modern Problem

Anthony Burgess's comparison of the Holocaust to medieval events ["Prime Time for Hitler," June 23] is ludicrous. The Holocaust is a modern-day event that happened to a generation still living. We must reflect on the disaster in its wake, while we can remember.

The tyrants *Holocaust* pointed to are *not* dead. They are not just the Nazis who continue living in freedom in many countries; they are the Idi Amins, the contemporary perpetrators of horrors against mankind. As long as they have power, or the potential for power, programs such as *Holocaust* will be far above breast-beating.

And Mr. Burgess is wrong about human nature. We *would* undo great wrongs of the past, and it is for that reason that we consider them, to undo potential great wrongs of the future.

Sue Hayward
Sturbridge, Massachusetts

A Biased Boxing Match?

I was offended by Clarence Brown's biased handling of *The Nabokov-Wilson Letters: 1940-1971* ["Love-Hate Letters," June 23]. It was less a review of the book than an espousal of a side. One can overlook the small allegiances to Nabokov that Brown shows throughout the piece: using the "I for one" like Nabokov, illustrating the critical elements only with Wilson's words and the friendly sentiments only with Nabokov's words. But when he glibly reviews the points of contention and decides to call a winner Brown insults the intelligence of his readers. Nabokov's literary hates were controversial and at odds with almost all critical consensus. Brown conveniently glosses over this. Lenin has always been a complex figure in history, more complex than Wilson's narrow view could encompass, but equally beyond Nabokov's one dimensional, rather self-serving view.

That two such gifted men could reduce themselves to childish squabbling is sad. But that your reviewer should swagger into the ring and presume to lift the glove of a "winner" is inexcusable.

Geoffrey Bent
Chicago, Illinois

The Delectable Double-Crostic

Sam Mackie's letter in your June 9 issue said "even Middleton's double-crostic fell victim to his pencil."

"Even" he says. *Even!* Migosh! The double-crostic is one of the most important of all *SR*'s goodies for a big bunch of readers.

May P. Walley
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

PUZZLES

Literary Crypt No. 136

FLIO Q UQO ROTFX LI BX ET MI LQOPIV BO Q JTYEOBPLE, BE ZTOZIO-EYQEIX LBX UBOV FTOVIY-JADDK.

—XQUAID NTLOXTO

Wit Twister No. 148

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash with a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The curate___ ___ ___ ___ her quit this scarlet nest,
Yet envied every___ ___ ___ ___ that brushed her breast;
And as he fought to halt his fall from grace,
She lay___ ___ ___ ___ , awaiting his embrace.

A.S.

Answers next issue

JULY 21 ANSWERS

Literary Crypt No. 135

A well-written life is almost as rare as a well-spent one.

—Thomas Carlyle

Wit Twister No. 147

drupe, prude, duper

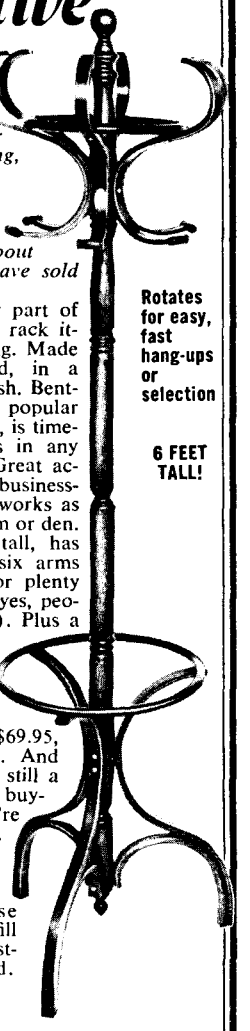
Middleton Double-Crostic No. 176

(HENRY) FAIRLIE: (IS HAPPINESS) ONE OF THE RIGHTS OF MAN?

It runs through all of American life .... The right not to be unhappy. All the rights movements in America just now are claims to be exempt from unhappiness, from the inconvenience of being a man or a woman or a child.

From *The Manchester Guardian Weekly*, March 11, 1979

Uncommonly attractive coat rack
Uncommonly attractive price



Our overseas buyer spotted this charming, Victorian bentwood coat rack. Did an amazing deal. Result: we can offer it to you for about half what others have sold it for.

But price is only part of the story. The coat rack itself is truly stunning. Made of solid hardwood, in a beautiful pecan finish. Bentwood styling, made popular in the Victorian era, is timeless, universal. Fits in any hallway or foyer. Great accent piece for a businessman's office. Even works as "valet" in a bedroom or den.

Stands six feet tall, has rotating top with six arms —twelve hooks—for plenty of coats and hats (yes, people still wear hats!). Plus a ring for umbrellas, walking sticks, parcels.

We've seen this bentwood coat rack offered for $69.95, $49.95 and $39.95. And at those prices, it's still a bargain. Due to our buyer's shrewdness, we're offering it at $29.95. (Two for $49.95.)

Understandably, we expect heavy demand at these prices. So we'll fill orders strictly first-come-first-served. The moral? Order early and don't lose out.

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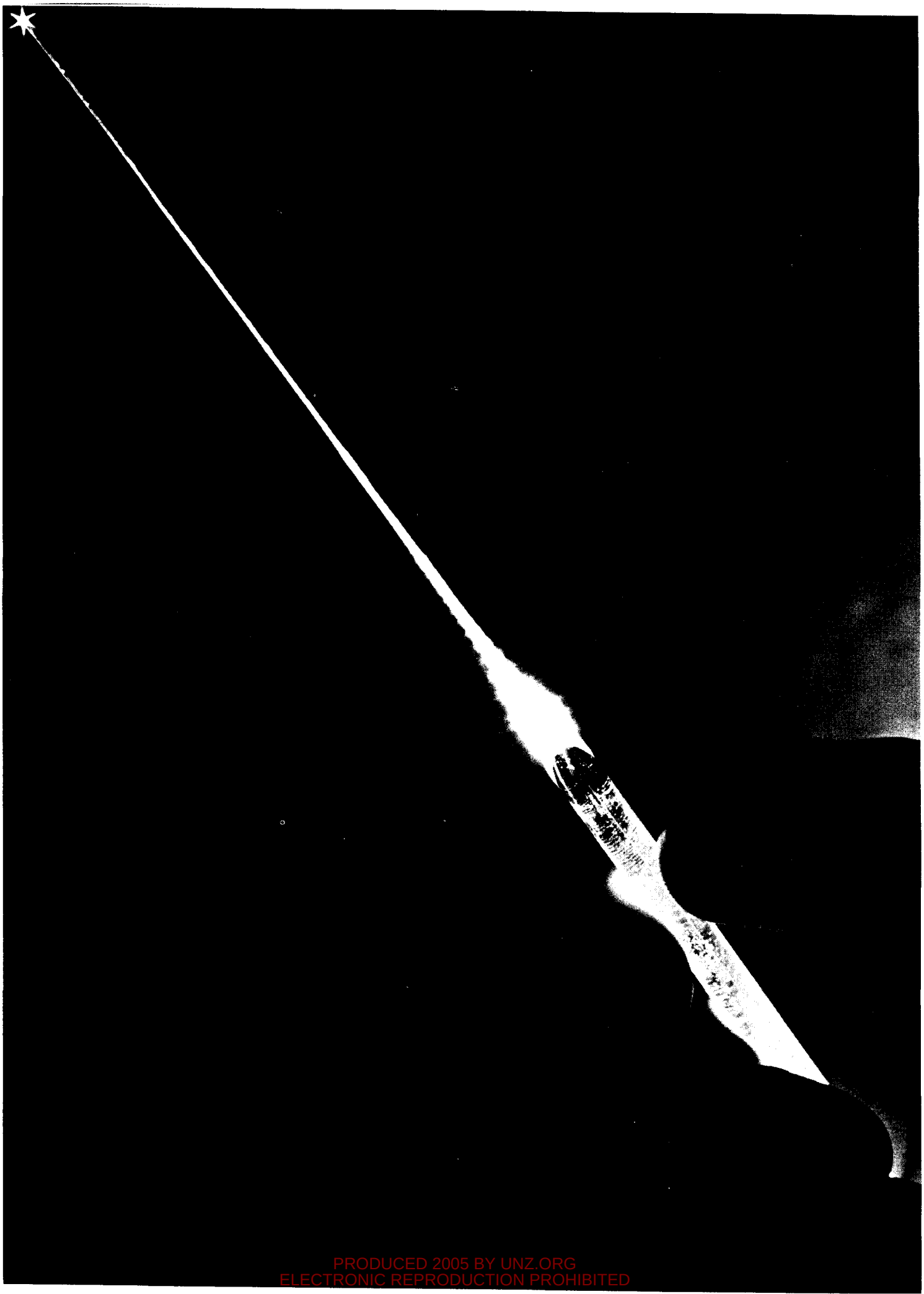

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Why this one-of-a-kind invention didn't end up as the only one of its kind.

Every new invention needs another new invention—the one that can mass-produce it at an affordable cost.

For example, Bell Labs invented a process for making the glass rods from which hair-thin fibers used in lightwave communications can be drawn. The fibers have far greater capacity than conventional copper wires, so they'll help keep costs down. In fact, they've been carrying voice, data, and video signals under city streets for about two years in a Bell System demonstration.

But standard lightwave systems will require *miles* of the fiber, produced at low cost and to specifications nothing short of microscopic.

That's where Western Electric's Engineering Research Center comes in.

A Unique Center

The Center is devoted exclusively to manufacturing research.

Here, a highly trained team of scientists and engineers probe fundamental questions about materials and processes. They provide Western Electric factories with pre-tested, proven ways to manufacture products based on the latest technology coming out of the laboratory.

For example, while Bell Labs scientists were inventing new glass fibers, Western Electric engineers and scientists were tackling the manufacturing problems involved.

The fibers had to be drawn from molten glass at high speeds, with less than a 1% deviation in diameter.

But how do you control a "thread" of glass being spun at rates up to 15 feet per second?

Scientists and engineers at the Center discovered that laser light beamed onto the fiber cast a characteristic pattern. By correlating the pattern to the fiber's diameter, they were able to build a monitoring system into the fiber drawing machinery. It measures the fiber 1000 times per second, automatically adjusting production to keep the diameter constant.

The system works so well that in all the miles of fiber produced by Western Electric, the diameter varies by no more than 30-millionths of an inch.

The Key to the Future

In the Bell System, technology is the key to keeping costs down. It is the key to constantly improving your phone service.

And Western Electric's Engineering Research Center is an essential link between the ideas of the laboratory and the realities of the factory.

So your Bell Telephone Company can make the best one-of-a-kind inventions a part of your phone service.

Keeping your communications system the best in the world.

Western Electric

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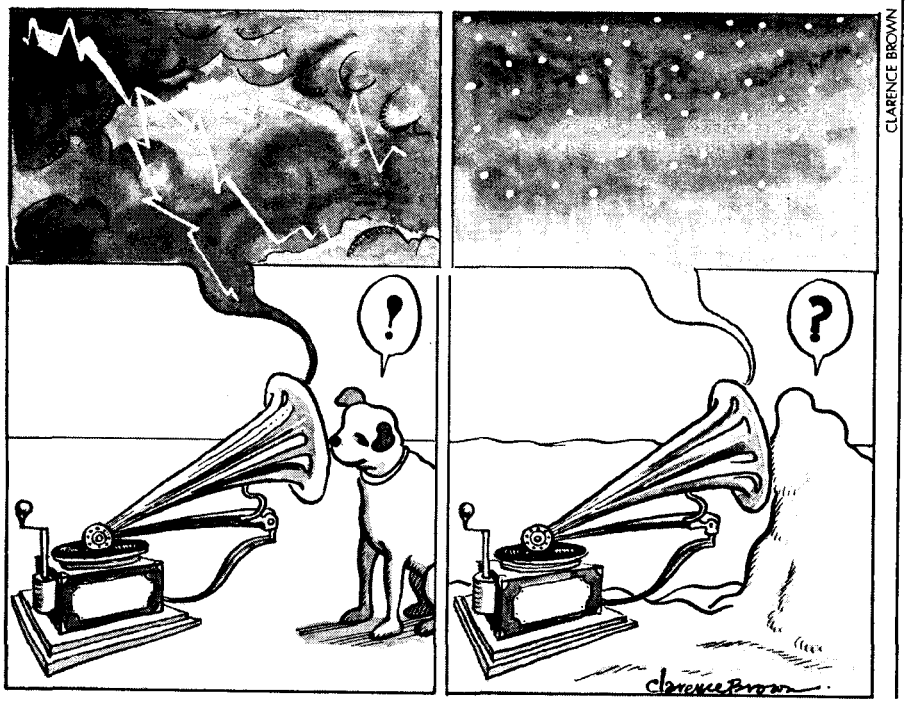
Cool Tunes

In the sweltering summer, modern man hides behind the artillery of air conditioning in his terrible battle with nature. The new wave of sympathy for nature, however, has eroded support for this form of insulation, requiring that we find a more organic means of keeping cool. It should come as no surprise, then, that modern technology has devised a means of retreating from nature and enjoying her at the same time: For only $7.98 you can now buy painstakingly faithful recordings of a "Country Thunderstorm" and an "Alpine Blizzard" which dry off your brow as you listen to them patter and sough coolly in the background.

The record is marketed by Syntonic Research, Inc., of New York, which has already reproduced the sounds of the Okeefenokee Swamp, a Caribbean lagoon, a field of crickets, and a woman's heartbeat, among other marvels of nature. None of those records could cut your energy bill, but listening to rain and thunder just might.

The recording, when played as background, like the "white noise" now popular in office buildings, deceives the listener into thinking that something cool is going on outside. The "Alpine Blizzard" features the regular slapping sound of sleet with a tearing wind rising and falling in the background. Sometimes, for accent as well as verisimilitude, a shutter bangs, or a log pops softly. The listener unconsciously attunes his own body to the synthetic weather conditions, at least until he notices that it's still blistering outside. According to Syntonic's president, Irv Teibel, GIs in Arizona report having switched off their humidifiers and turned on the rain and snow instead, enjoying their first good sleep in memory.

Teibel admits that his recording probably will not solve the energy crisis unaided. Still, he points out, air conditioners consume from 1,000 to 3,000 watts, while stereos hum along at 5 to 200 (more like 5 in this case, since the *sturm und drang* should be played almost inaudibly). Thus the energy needed to cool off a room by nature's own warbling would be about one-thirtieth as much as would be consumed by an air conditioner.



CLARENCE BROWN

LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL

A Special Kind of Grace

Billy Beer was mercifully put out of circulation last December, while its namesake, Billy Carter, was suffering a similar eclipse. But *Billy*, unlike Billy, has enjoyed a resurrection of sorts, something akin to metempsychosis. The picture above shows *Billy* being loaded on a truck headed for a recycling plant, there to be given a new form and a new life, perhaps as something more durable than a watery beer named after a beleaguered President's beleaguered brother. There are 8.7 million more cans where those came from.

Gallows Humor

The execution of John Spenkelink, the Florida inmate who killed a fellow drifter after being sodomized, aroused outrage in some quarters. Others, however, took a blither view of the affair. Members of the Jacksonville, Florida, police softball team celebrated the event by selling T-shirts emblazoned with a picture of an electric chair and reading "1 down 133 to go." (There are 133 prisoners remaining on Florida's death row.) The shirts were peddled in order to raise money for a trip to a softball tournament in New Orleans.

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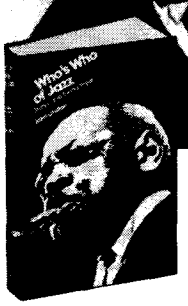

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RPAGE4

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Island-Hopping With the Freedom Riders

How would you, yes you, like to spend seven glorious days in "the land of shamrocks, leprechauns, and blarney" with that rollicking covey of seafarers ... the American Civil Liberties Union? All this and more—Portugal, Montego Bay, or Morocco—for prices ranging from $249 to $369. The tours, which have been organized by the Massachusetts branch of the ACLU, are strictly for fund-raising purposes and have nothing to do with liberties, civil or otherwise. Crustier members have complained that barnstorming ill befits the group's august image, though the tours' organizers have bent over backwards to avoid the sort of countries where civil liberties lawyers get taken away in the middle of the night. Colorful Guatemala, for example, was dropped after a crackdown by that country's jittery right-wing government put it beyond the pale.

The Massachusetts branch is strapped for cash and can't afford to cater to the more delicate sensibilities. As one official put it, "We asked them to come up with some better way of raising money, and we haven't heard anything yet."

Miracle at San Marco

In what may be the world's noblest example of urban renewal, Venice, the doomed city, has stopped sinking. In fact, it's rising. A group of Italian scientists has concluded that the ancient, lagoon-straddling city has risen 0.4 inches, after having fallen eight inches in the last half century. Apparently the water table had been lowered by industries pumping water out of artesian wells in nearby Marghera. When the wells were capped, the soggy island was buoyed back up. Today Venice towers 27 inches above the sea; a century from today, scientists estimate, it may have gained another inch.

DIANA BRYAN

The Mineral Water Myth Exploded

Devotees of that trendy successor of two cents plain known as mineral water have had it coming to them. They switched addictions from Scotch to sparkling waters and delivered themselves a resounding pat on the back for joining the Whole Earth generation. Now, according to a recent article in *Business Week*, a number of state health authorities have found that some mineral waters contain fewer minerals than tap water and that they may contain harmful impurities. New York is even considering some sort of labeling requirement.

No one had thought to regulate mineral water until now, in part because there was hardly any around to regulate. But sales have risen more than sevenfold since 1976, making it high time for the stuff to be subjected to the same scrutiny as children's pajamas, Pintos, and other dangerous items. And California, it need hardly be added, has led the way. After deciding that mineral water must contain at least 500 parts per million of dissolved solids (the maximum total for bottled water), the state found that eight of 25 mineral waters tested didn't meet the standard. You could do just as well, in other words, with regular spring water, though it might not come from France.

Worst of all, some mineral waters might have to carry a warning signifying an excess of such noxious chemicals as radium, or even of fluoride, which can mottle the teeth. New York State is presently considering regulations which may require manufacturers who exceed the permissible levels to provide a list of ingredients on the apparently innocuous bottle. Of course, by the time the new labels are ready, Americans may have shifted back to Scotch.

Submissions

SR will pay readers $25 for any clipping or item accepted for use in Front Runners. Please send to: Front Runners, Saturday Review, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019.

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Is America getting trapped by foreign steel as it is by foreign oil?

Last year foreign steelmakers shipped an all-time record of 21.1 million tons of steel to our shores. And our nation's trade deficit in steel was more than $5½ *billion!*

But the worst is yet to come. By 1985, unless we soon start expanding our domestic steelmaking capacity, 25 to 30 million tons of steel imports could be entering the U.S. market annually. That would mean an outflow of $12 to $15 *billion* a year—and a huge increase in our steel trade deficit.

What's needed to *reduce* America's trade deficit in steel? Governmental policies that will allow the American steel industry to generate the additional funds needed to modernize and expand.

Bethlehem

Bethlehem Steel Corporation, Bethlehem, PA 18016

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EDITORIAL

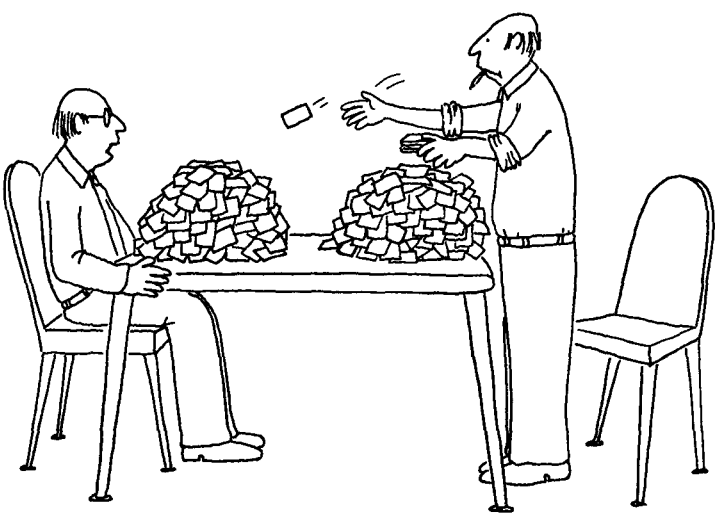
The Selling of SALT II

NOTHING IS more Kafka-esque in this world than the way human beings attend to the business of their survival. This appears to be especially true in the United States, where the President, in order to get Senate support for a treaty that would put brakes on the nuclear-arms race, has speeded up that race by embarking on a new mobile missile system.

Whatever the merits of the President's political strategy in trying to placate those senators who persist in thinking in terms of military advantage, his decision on the MX introduces a new and bizarre element into the efforts to set limits to the arms race. He has put himself in the position of trying to win support for SALT by running counter to the purpose of SALT. He is escalating the arms race for the purpose of slowing it down. He is extending the reach of nuclear warfare in the act of trying to bring it under control. A basic purpose of SALT II is to prevent either country from gaining a clear-cut military superiority, but the President has tried to persuade the Senate that the treaty actually gives the United States a military advantage.

Americans negotiated for seven years with the Russians before even arriving at an agreement to reduce the danger of mutual suicide. Now, after negotiating with the Russians, we are having to negotiate with ourselves. It appears that it is hardly less difficult for the President to deal with senators than with the Russians. For some reason, he is reluctant to talk common sense to the Senate and the American people. He has not told them that military security in an atomic age is a contradiction. He seems to feel it is not sufficiently compelling to say that the cause of human survival is tied to the control of force. The administration gives the impression that, in order to obtain ratification, it must show that we have put something over on the Russians. Instead of talking about the need to connect the cause of disarmament to the cause of a governed world in which all nations could free themselves of the burden of armaments, the President has been providing cozy assurances that we will still be free to make nuclear weapons and to do whatever we think has to be done in our military interest.

And that is precisely the problem. It will not be possible for human life to continue on this planet so long as nations are free to do whatever they think is in their military interest. The danger is not that nations cannot agree but that they agree all too readily on certain propositions. And all that is necessary for a catastrophic collision to occur is for them to act on these propositions—that their national interest is absolute and supreme; that they are free to fend for themselves at will in the world; that they are justified in carrying on undercover operations in one another's territory and in subverting one another's institutions; that they can compete for a balance of power; that the world's resources are up for grabs; that they can spew their poisons into the air or into the oceans without regard for the rights of other people.



"Does this game take long?"

The security of the American people begins with the realization that all human beings on earth are in the same lifeboat and that we are not benefiting ourselves or anyone else by demonstrating that we can drill larger holes in our end of the boat than the Russians can drill in theirs. We have to find some way to get that boat safely to shore and to build an enduring haven. Why should it be so difficult for statesmen to articulate this need? Why should they be so reluctant to talk about the making of a genuine world order and so tongue-tied in talking about common efforts to meet a common peril?

If it is true that the President of the United States can get an arms treaty through the Senate only by expanding the arms race, then the American people have disqualified themselves in terms of survival logic. We reveal not strength but weakness when we think that the continued accumulation of civilization-shattering weapons is essential for our well-being or safety. The fact that even a tentative beginning in the direction of sanity should require all sorts of gyrations is hardly flattering to our history.

SALT II, after seven years of negotiations, is not resonant. It doesn't provide for the elimination of a single weapon. There is not the slightest impairment of the ability of either country to annihilate the other dozens of times over. Nonetheless, the treaty requires prompt and unequivocal ratification; it may not end the arms race, but it keeps alive the possibility that it can be ended. The treaty fortifies a process that, if backed by strong public opinion, may yet achieve genuine disarmament. In effect, SALT II is a public plebiscite on the need for continued efforts to eliminate the present madness of the arms race.

One can understand the position of those senators who feel the treaty is inadequate. It is. But it is also a test of America's desire to seek something stronger. We are not making a choice between an ideal plan and a bad plan. We are making a choice between a plan that needs to be made better and no plan at all. It is the symbol of SALT II rather than the substance of SALT II that is now the main issue. We have no alternative except to support that symbol in a way that demonstrates our determination to go the full distance toward the complete safety of human life on this planet. —N.C.

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LIGHT REFRACTIONS

A Conservative's Lament

WE WHO PAY attention to what's happening to the language, to what's coming in and what's going out in the slow process of linguistic change, tend to be a rather unhappy lot. We are, for the most part, conservative about style and usage, so all change depresses us to a degree. A couple of examples come readily to mind, especially because I've received several letters about each.

"I convinced him to come along" and all other constructions using "convince ... to" ring sour in our ears. Strictly speaking, *convince* should be followed by *of* or *that*: "I convinced him *that* he should.... " "I *persuaded* him to come along" is impeccable.

We who are put off by "convince ... to" are in for a bad time. In recent years, we've found "convince ... to" corrupting the work of otherwise excellent writers, and all our writhing, squirming, railing, and praying that they will change their ways are as the cries of the rabbits against the earth-movers.

In time, no dictionary will say, as the *Random House* does now, "Only when followed by a *that* clause may *convince* refer to winning a person to a course of action: *I convinced her that she should go.*" The corruption will settle in and make itself at home, and hardly anyone will wince at "I convinced him to not think it was important."

We who care about such things as the niceties of *convince* and *persuade* have been known to overreact to what we perceive as unnecessary neologisms. Much of my mail comes from people who have come across a word that strikes them as newfangled and who want me to help in taking a stand against it.

One of today's most popular words (hence, among us conservatives, one of today's least popular) is *parenting*, meaning *child-rearing* or *nurturing*.

To parent is not actually a new term, but I count myself among the many to whom it is unfamiliar and irritating. To my knowledge, *parent* as a verb was rarely used until about five or six years ago. I suspect that it came into its recent ubiquity as a reaction to the implications in the terms *fathering* and *mothering* respectively. To father a child is a simple, pleasant, unskilled sort of task, with little suggestion that any further care or attention to the child is required once the act of conception is accomplished. Some dictionaries say of *father* as a verb that it means not only to beget, but to act as a father to, to care for, to rear, and so on. Perhaps they're right, but I've never heard father used in that way. "He fathered me through my youth" is much less likely than "He was a father to me through my youth."

To mother, on the other hand, carries a very strong implication of *to nurture*. *To mother*, in fact, is rarely heard in the sense of *to give birth to*. It usually means *to provide with tender, loving care*. I once knew a teenage boy, the son of a friend of mine, who rescued a fledgling mockingbird from a murderous cat and nursed the bird, whose breast had been torn open, back to health. The boy's mother said he had mothered the bird, and the term was perfectly apt. Today, she might say he had parented the bird. That would be a loss. There has always been something especially natural and beautiful about mothering, whether by a mother, a father, or a teenage boy. "Parenting" smacks of some esoteric skill you have to take courses in.

I hope that "parenting" will soon retire to its former obscurity, yielding to the old-fashioned "nurturing," "child-rearing," and "being a good parent."

"Convince ... to," I fear will find increasing acceptance. Some things we can't control. We can merely speak, write, and hope for the best.

—Thomas H. Middleton

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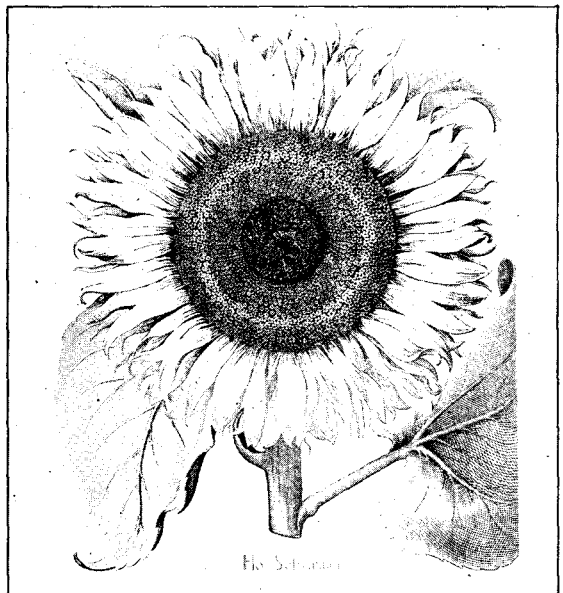
THE BEST OF TOOLS FOR LIVING™

This issue marks the sixth of **Tools for Living** offerings to Saturday Review readers. Your comments have been positive and your product suggestions most helpful. The amount of orders has exceeded our expectations. Perhaps it is the fact that you have enjoyed reading about our "finds"—and that ordering through the mail is much more of a convenience these days. This sixth **Tools for Living** offering also seems to be the best time to go back over the more than sixty products we've run so far, and to bring to your attention the **Best of Tools.** They are the products you have ordered most often and a directive to us of the kinds of items you would like to see in the future.

STEAMING IS THE SECRET

What is the best simple cheap utensil to improve the taste and nutritional quality of the food you serve? We think it is this stainless steel vegetable steamer (an item roundly praised, by the way, in *The Cooks' Catalogue).* This efficient little basket fits into any pot 6" to 10" in diameter. The 18 overlapping perforated petal leaves adjust to accommodate greater or lesser amounts. When you use it, you will be delighted to discover how much color and crunch cooked vegetables can have. The bonus is that the nutritional advantage is equally impressive—steaming does not leach out the nutrients the way boiling does. We have used our steamer basket for clams and as an improvised seafood poacher. But our favorite discovery is steamed corn-on-the-cob: just stack freshly picked ears criss-cross fashion and steam for about 8 minutes for an incomparable flavor. The steamer basket costs only $4.25 postpaid. (A-45)



Hortus Eystettensis, Eichstatt, 1613

POSTER GARDEN

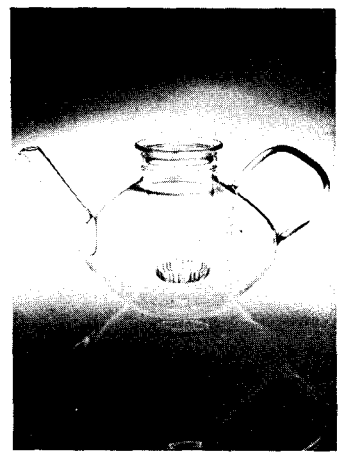
The New York Botanical Garden faithfully reproduced the giant sunflower from an illustration found in their rare book collection. You will see this 24" by 36" color poster at prices anywhere up to $50 at art shops and frame shops, depending on how expensively it has been framed. We can have the New York Botanical Garden people send you the very same poster for $7.00 postpaid, and you can have it mounted or framed as you see fit. (A-25)

DISCOVER SPROUTS

Home grown sprouts have become exceedingly popular—and not surprisingly, since they offer a healthy, economical and easy way to take advantage of the vegetable kingdom's tender best. They combine great nutrition with crunchy clean flavor. They also are seasoned with a little grow-your-own satisfaction, a rare condiment for city or apartment dwellers. And because you grow them right in your own kitchen, you don't have to worry about pesticide poisoning. We've put together an ideal starter kit if you want to sample these delights. The kit includes three packages of Thompson & Morgan's most popular sprouting seeds in three different mixtures along with a sprouter from the Applewood Seed Company. Each package makes sprouts enough for a couple of salads with plenty left over to put on sandwiches. It's the easiest, cheapest way we've seen to be your own farmer, and the whole process takes only three to six days. We can send everything you need for $7.50. (A-33)

TEA AT ITS BEST

The enjoyment of tea has many subtle dimensions. Begin with the brewing itself. Fresh cold water must be brought to a furious boil then poured immediately through the leaves to bring out the full flavor. Next, the tea must be allowed to steep properly, never longer than five minutes. At this point the leaves are removed and the tea is ready for drinking. Now is the moment to savor the special aroma and fragrance of the particular tea you have chosen. Whether it is served in bone china cups from a silver urn or in pottery mugs, tea is ceremonial from beginning to end (a truth the Japanese have polished to perfection in their tea ceremony, a moving meditation that makes the preparation and serving of tea an exercise in exquisite mindfulness). The Jena teapot pictured here is the first we have seen that truly does justice to the tea. It is made of thin but strong glass (dishwasher proof) and its flowing lines make it a joy to handle. The leaves go into a removable glass cylinder in the center. As you pour the water through, amber clouds swirl in pleasing patterns. When the tea is brewed, you simply lift out the cylinder (because the leaves stay in most teapots, the second cup is invariably too strong). This teapot does its job so well and beautifully, it has been placed in the Permanent Design Collection in the Museum of Modern Art. The Jena teapot is $33.50 postpaid. (A-4)



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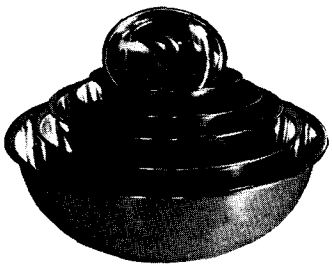
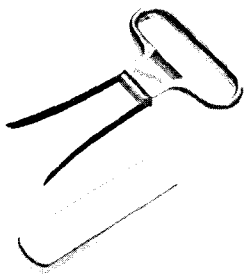
A FLOCK OF NESTING BOWLS

As any cook knows, it's impossible to have too many bowls. This set of six heavy-gauge polished stainless steel bowls is the neatest, most useful we've seen in some time. The sizes are nicely graduated: ¾ qt., 1½ qt., 3 qt., 5 qt., 8 qt., and a 13 qt. giant that is big enough to bathe the baby in. The sizes work so well together we're always finding uses for two at once, like putting a smaller one with vichysoisse in a larger one with ice. Six is itself a luxury—most sets stop at four or five. The bowls have nice heft and won't



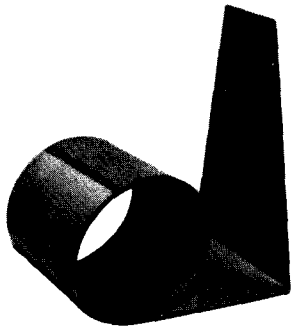
dent easily. They give a good lip or rim to grip with your fingers, a feature missing from surprising numbers of so-called mixing bowls. These are certainly handsome enough to use for serving. Together they will do you from soup to salad and beyond. We can send the set for $29. (A-23)

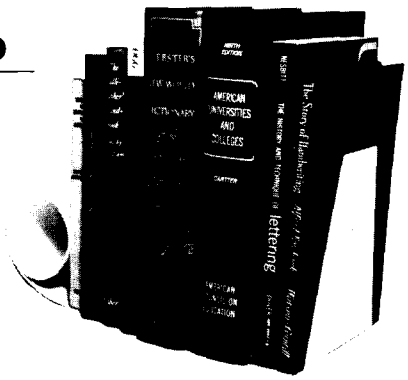
AH SO!



Cork does not enhance the flavor of wine. Yet when a conventional corkscrew penetrates a wine cork, it often leaves a dusting of cork fragments in the wine. These fragments float on the surface of the first few glasses poured, provoking the fastidious drinker to tease them out with a fingertip or napkin corner. Occasionally a cork will break apart as it is being extracted, and the light dusting becomes a rain of cork rubble. This is the advantage of a cork *puller*, which extracts the cork without boring through it. And a pulled cork remains unblemished for reinsertion in a partly finished bottle. The Ah-So cork puller has two blades, one slightly longer than the other. The blades are inserted between the cork and the bottle with a rocking motion. Then by using a rotating motion, the cork is pulled out. To replace the cork, the procedure is reversed. This is the most elegant and effective way we have seen of getting the cork out of the bottle (or back into it, for that matter). The handle also doubles as a conventional bottle cap opener. You can get the Ah-So for $6.50 postpaid. (A-11)

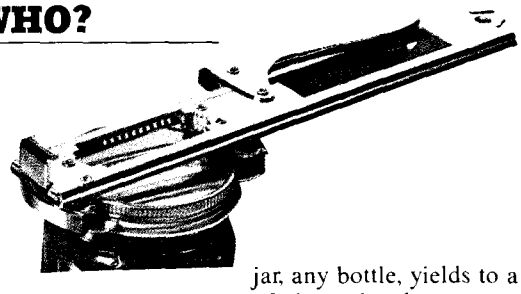
THE END OF THE BOOKEND





Have you ever tried to remove a book from the middle of the row on a shelf only to have the domino theory take effect and tumble the entire row, bookends and all? Or try to add one book and have the same thing happen? You can buy larger and heavier bookends but they add too much weight to a shelf and take up too much space. So much for the usefulness of the standard bookend. For some time we have been using a spring steel coil called Bookworm. It functions perfectly in the home or office, holds paperbacks or bulky business manuals with equal ease. Remove one or two books at a time and the coil rolls up to keep the remaining books secure. (You can see from the photo that Bookworm's unique design holds books without taking up a lot of space itself). Bookworm costs $11.50 postpaid. Specify white, black, red, or blue. (A-6)

GIL WHO?



Gilhoolie! The very sound of it makes you laugh. But when you discover the Gilhoolie, what it is and what it does and how it works, you don't laugh. You chortle with glee and crow in triumph. Any tight-lidded jar, any bottle, yields to a twist of the wrist the moment the gadget is positioned on it. Farewell to knife-handle tapping and under-breath dammits. It's the best whatcamacallit that you can have around. It's $7.50 postpaid. (A-28)

WHISTLE BLOWING

The human whistle no longer suffices to penetrate the din of modern existence. For help in this limiting circumstance, you can turn to the Thunderer whistle, a polished brass beauty made in England. Its shrill call restores your ability to reach the kids down the block or to hail cabbies. Not to mention that whistle blowing is satisfying activity. If you don't believe it, go someplace where you are alone and blow as hard as you can until you're out of breath. **It's cheap therapy. The Thunderer comes on a matching brass key-ring for $3.50 postpaid.** (A-22)

Sinking Presidential Prestige. The White House, built on what was once a swamp, has sunk a quarter of an inch in the last 30 years. The Washington Monument is going down just as fast. At this rate it will disappear from sight in the year 113,053.

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TOP OF MY HEAD

The Baloney Syndrome

WHEN PRESIDENT CARTER was asked, during a TV press conference, to make a statement about Senator Edward Kennedy's disagreement with him on deregulation of oil prices, the President said, "That's a lot of baloney." That presidential statement was not Oxonian. It was more Nixonian, no matter how you slice it.

"That's a lot of baloney" is a colloquial put-down that will never make the history books, not in a class with Harry Truman's, "If you can't stand the heat, stay out of the kitchen." Baloney was not the subject being argued. It was gas, but Mr. Carter couldn't have replied, "That's a lot of gas," because everybody knows there isn't. A more pertinent and quotable put-down of the senator would have been, "The senator seems to be driving with an empty tank."

Nonetheless, I was glad to hear our President speak up for a change, even if the comment did come as a shocker from our usually thoughtful and mild-mannered President.

He had good reason. For months, the Republicans had sorely provoked him on every issue. And that was only the tip of the iceberg. The crusher came when his fellow Democrats in the House of Representatives joined the Republicans to defeat his gas-rationing plan. That was, if I may say, the tip of O'Neill.

It is understandable that a man so nettled would finally show his mettle, even at the expense of having to use that unfortunate baloney metaphor. He simply said the first thing that came to mind. (Off the top of his head?)

The art of putting-down would be better served if left to the experts. Professional critics—drama, film, TV, books—work long and hard to devise literate and quotable put-downs. Theater critics especially enjoy sitting through dreadful plays so that they can rush back to their typewriters and gleefully decipher the diabolically clever put-downs they scribbled on their programs in the darkened theater. The vengeance makes up, in some measure, for the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune they suffered during the performance.

One such classic put-down by a theater critic appeared in the *Denver Post* some years ago after a performance of *Hamlet*. "There have always been arguments as to whether Shakespeare himself wrote all his plays," the review said, "or whether Francis Bacon, philosopher, author, and a contemporary of Shakespeare, wrote many of them. After sitting through last night's performance of *Hamlet*, I suggest that the graves of both these gentlemen be dug up. The one who turned over in the night is the true author of the play."

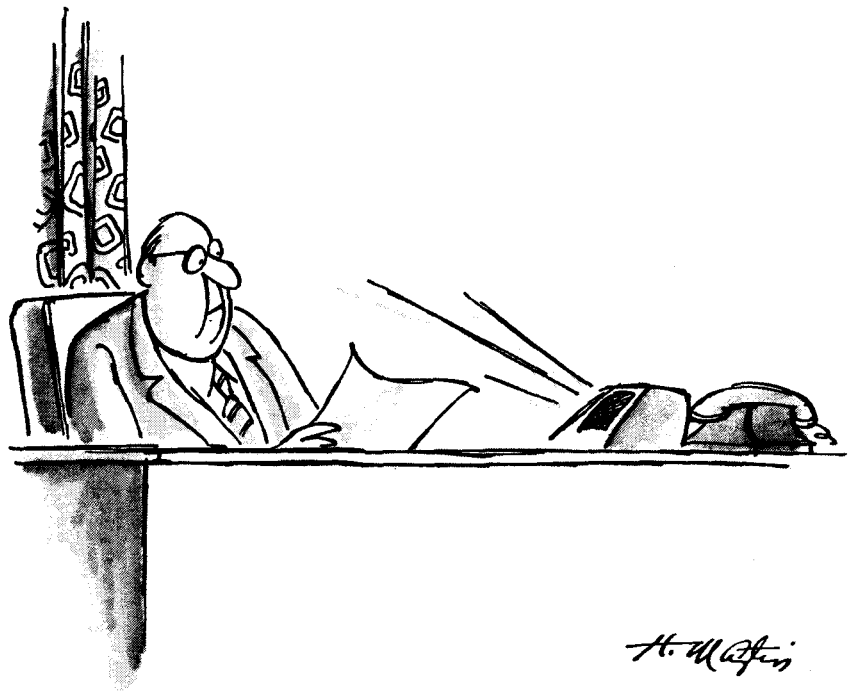
Another master of acerbity was George S. Kaufman, playwright extraordinaire, who was also a play doctor. When a play opened out of town and needed doctoring before coming to Broadway, Mr. Kaufman was called in to save it. One such play had opened in Philadelphia. It had been produced by a Mr. Bloomingdale, of the Bloomingdale's department store clan—his first venture in show biz. The play was abysmal. Sure to bomb in New York. He called in Mr. Kaufman, who watched a performance. After the final curtain, Mr. Bloomingdale asked Mr. Kaufman, "Can you save it? I have $300,000 invested. What do you think I ought to do?" Mr. Kaufman replied, "Close the play, and keep the store open nights."

One of the most memorable put-downs was written by Heywood Broun after viewing a musical comedy: "The music was forgettable, the comedy was atrocious, the scenery was pure cardboard, and the dancing was listless. You will note I have knocked everything in the show except the chorus girls' knees, and God took care of that."

The story of my having been, in my youth, the drama critic of the *Kansas City Post* is a tale twice told. Thrice won't hurt anybody but me. I confess to having fallen into the unpleasant trap of put-downs at an early age. The temptation still lingers, and at times I've regretted my caustic comments when I've seen them in print. I still wince when I remember being asked for an opinion about a play called *I Am a Camera*. I replied "No Leika."

And I wish I could forget the review I gave of another play that came to Kansas City many years ago. Advertisements of the play stressed the fact that the players were all members of the original Broadway cast. They were. They were also travel weary and road worn, and they recited the lines of Eugene O'Neill's poignant drama *Ah! Wilderness* as if they were wandering in one. My review began, "Far be it from me to stone the first cast, but ... "

—Goodman Ace



"Mr. Crawford, on Friday Mr. Williams in Statistics wished you a happy weekend. Now he wants to know if you had a nice weekend."

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SAA

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Hurry up. And wait.

er is its own time in
e world. But here at
in the Napa Valley
try, summer is a
dling, waiting, tidying
nt, getting-ready time.
harvest, before the
re Autumn.
ineyards south of
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u and Inglenook, the
e tying, thinning, and
The job is hot, hotter,

nd Beringer's Rhine
the caves the Chinese
carved out of the
a century ago—our
ze the year away.
n in the Rhine House.
inemaking is dry
, taste this 1977
Chardonnay we just

released. Notice that intense flavor? This wine was born during the last year of the drought. Adversity brings character. (When you make wine, you can find an aphorism under every leaf.)

July warms up to August. The grapes draw in the heat and answer with their first hint of color. One day a morning fog stays for lunch and the wine-master smiles. Coolness brings acidity to the grapes. Acidity promises complexity. And complexity is the soul of wine.

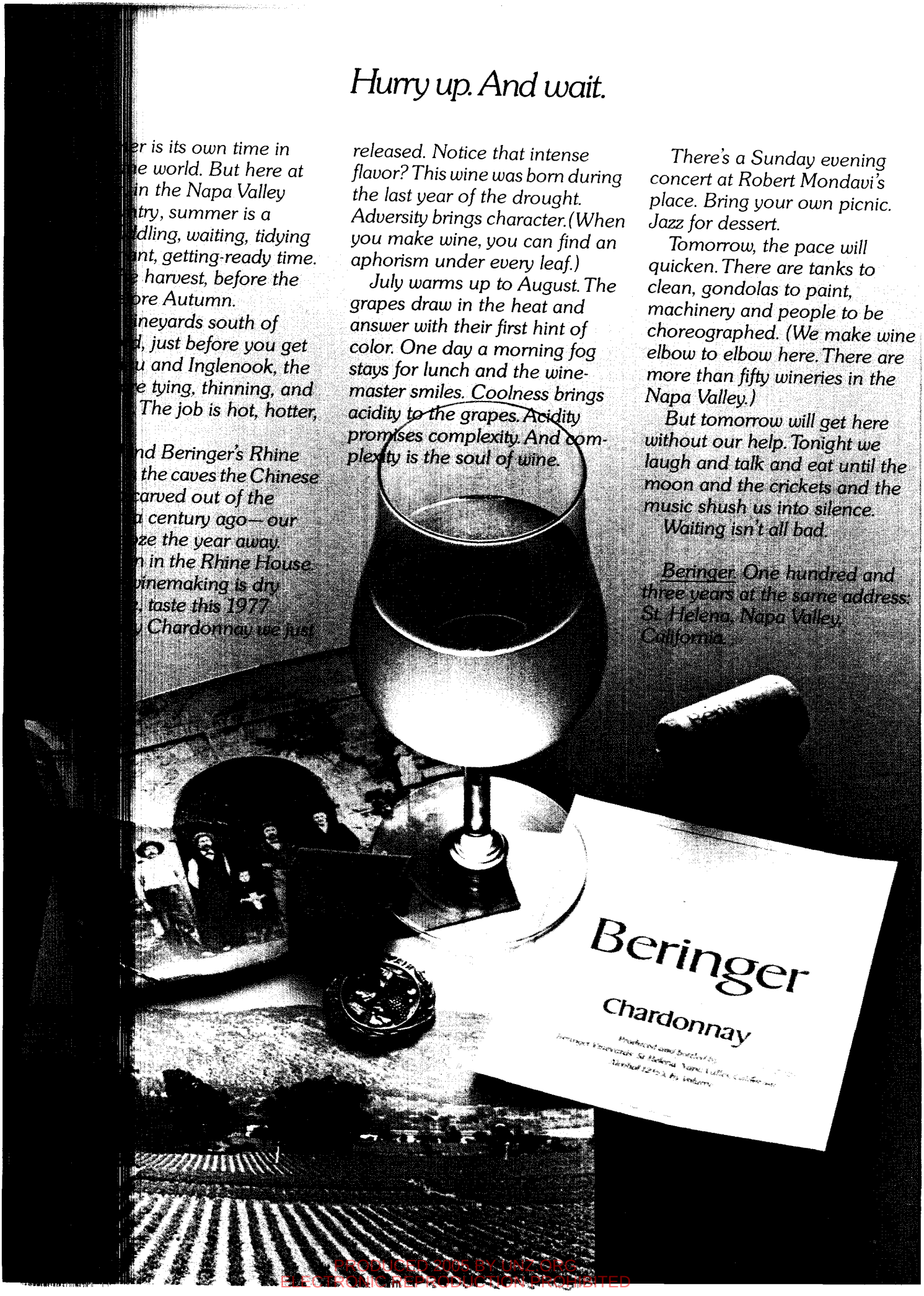
There's a Sunday evening concert at Robert Mondavi's place. Bring your own picnic. Jazz for dessert.

Tomorrow, the pace will quicken. There are tanks to clean, gondolas to paint, machinery and people to be choreographed. (We make wine elbow to elbow here. There are more than fifty wineries in the Napa Valley.)

But tomorrow will get here without our help. Tonight we laugh and talk and eat until the moon and the crickets and the music shush us into silence.

Waiting isn't all bad.

Beringer. One hundred and three years at the same address: St. Helena, Napa Valley, California.



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The Collapse of Public Schools

FOR MORE than two decades, America's public schools have been expected to cure society's discontents.

In the mid-Fifties, we demanded that our schools create a harmony among races that existed nowhere else in American life. In the mid-Sixties, when our young were engaged in a rebellion that seemed to threaten virtually every ideal we embraced as a nation, we insisted that the schools restore social order and preserve the status quo. In the mid-Seventies, we instructed our schools to go one step farther—to look first to the wants of the individual, to nurture a child's discovery of self, while at the same time distracting him from his attempts to reduce his school to rubble.

Clearly, this prolonged and ill-advised effort to make the educational system the principal tool for social change has contributed to such problems as the sharply increased incidence of functional illiteracy.

To rehabilitate our schools, we must look to the hard realities of *why* our system of public education is not working and learn from them.

As we examine the performance of our schools, six basic truths—most of them a result of our mixing altruism and education—emerge time and again.

1. *Schools are asked to do too much.* Racial, economic, and sexual inequalities; poor parenting; malnutrition; crime; and a lengthy list of other social disorders unquestionably affect an individual's capacity to participate in society. But while education can enhance the student's ability to cope with, and to change, the conditions of life around him, it cannot, in and of itself, make them better. In thrusting the schools to the forefront of social change, we have diverted their energies from their basic purpose—education.

The issue of acculturation of ethnic minorities provides a case in point. Greater emphasis has been placed on bilingual education in the public schools as the number and variety of ethnic minorities have grown in the nation. We are insisting both that the schools improve the way they teach English, so that language is removed as a barrier to learning, and that they increase the number of courses taught in students' native tongues, so that the pace of learning begun in their homelands continues uninterrupted. The conflict that such demands create can be seen in Chicago, where, as a condition of $90 million in aid, the federal government exacted a pledge that the public schools offer bilingual courses in 20 languages, from Arabic to Vietnamese.

While we do not yet know what effect the study of major courses in a native tongue has on a child's ability to learn English, we may be allowed the suspicion that it will prove as counter-productive as it sounds. In addition, the burden these extra courses place on the schools is obvious.

Once we stop asking the schools to do too much, they can get on with solving the more acute problem of performing their basic task—that of education—more effectively.

2. *Students cannot learn what they are not taught.* Current dismay over public education centers on the fact that substantial numbers of our children cannot perform even the most basic functions of reading, writing, and mathematics. Such poor performance is understandable, however, when we recognize that proficiency in basic skills no longer is required of public-school students.

"Minimum competency" is the result of the schools' misguided efforts to serve two masters at the same time. On one hand, they are trying to respond to the public demand for sound, basic education by requiring a specific level of achievement in certain subjects. On the other hand, in their attempt to correct social inequities, schools are often setting standards so low as to be meaningless and even detrimental.

Although the concept of minimum competency is not inherently bad, it does require careful implementation. The depth to which public education can sink under the weight of problematic minimum-competency levels was demonstrated in New York this past spring when educators and others engaged in a spirited debate over the question of whether freshman reading standards are too *high* for graduating seniors. What began as a tool for ensuring performance has become an excuse for failure. This situation must be corrected.

Electives are sometimes used by schools as another means of preventing students from failing when they cannot educate them. Nationally, we can see a trend that moves even farther away from requiring certain basics and toward instituting yet more electives—courses that range from studies amplifying basic skills to programs that can only be described as the marginalia of pop culture.

In Massachusetts, state educators compared a survey of elective courses developed between 1971 and 1976 with an analysis of Scholastic Achievement Test scores for students in 43 high schools. In this five-year period there was a 50 percent increase in English electives alone. The educators found that students with more electives showed greater than average declines in SAT scores.

Similarly, in New York, where the documented trend has been away from academic basics in recent years, two-thirds of the graduates of city high schools required additional pre-college study upon entering the City University.

In contrast, a survey of 34 high schools in which students have maintained or improved their SAT scores revealed that these schools encourage enrollment in advanced academic courses and allow electives to be taken only in addition to required classes rather than as a substitute for them.

Thus we must temper our dismay at our children's inability to read, write, and solve simple mathematical problems with the recognition that little goes on in the classroom to provide them with the skills to do better.

3. *We do not know what makes for an effective learning experience.* With the possible exception of one-to-one teaching, virtually all of our theories about factors that contribute to productive instruction have not held up. Even our most cherished socio-educational assumption—that racial and social integration contributes to learning (provided half of the class is white)—runs counter to the reality of public schools,

"Boy! Did we ever go for a nice long walk!"

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where students are put in classes according to their abilities; ethnic minorities are thus effectively resegregated and educational inadequacies perpetuated.

As long as schools are diverted by social concerns from the experimentation essential to improving their performance, our students and teachers will continue to stumble through a succession of educational theories, reinventing the wheel daily out of necessity and, worse, becoming more entrenched in classroom practices that produce no positive results.

4. *What is good for the teacher is not always good for the pupil.* Increasingly in recent years, teachers have argued that higher salaries attract better teachers. Smaller classes, they have said, more time to prepare for class, and publicly financed teacher training—improve the performance of those already in the profession. The result, our teachers tell us, is better education for our children. None of these assertions is supported by fact.

Teachers' salaries have risen steadily during the past 20 years. In the classroom, the ratio of one teacher for every 30 students in 1955 had dropped to one for every 20 by 1976. There has also been a substantial increase in the amount of time teachers spend outside the classroom in course preparation and professional training. Yet students are performing dismally on almost every test we have thus far devised to measure their academic competence.

As is the case with the learning experience itself, we must recognize finally that we do not know what makes a teacher effective.

5. *The way we finance public education is discriminatory and contributes to chaos in the schools.* Getting and spending the money to finance our public schools are among the most serious problems we face as a nation today.

Taxation of private property in itself has become an explosive issue. Reliance on property taxes discriminates against our cities and poorer suburban and rural areas. Property-poor localities must tax themselves at a higher rate to generate the same amount of tax dollars as their property-rich neighbors. Those who can afford to, move to areas where taxes are lower, and the money available for public education is thus further eroded in those localities where it is most needed.

Efforts have been made in the state courts and legislatures to equalize funding. While these efforts generally have resulted in increased aid to poorer districts, they have not addressed the major issue of linking public education to property taxes.

Meanwhile, increases in property taxes meet with growing resistance. The "taxpayers' revolt" is surprising only in that it did not surface sooner. Neither the very poor nor the very rich pay as much of the cost of education as the middle-class property owner.

The inequities of the property tax are also felt acutely by older property owners who enjoy only indirectly the benefits of public education. Many of those who must survive on fixed incomes have found that the value of their once-modest homes has tripled and even quadrupled in recent years. The result: steep increases in taxes that their incomes cannot grow to match.

While we have yet to see what long-term effects the taxpayers' revolt will have on public education, Cleveland provided us with a clue when voter rejection of a bond issue closed the schools twice in one year, left the city $130 million in debt, and pushed teachers' salaries months in arrears.

Getting the money to finance public education, however, is only half of the problem we face. Spending it wisely is equally important and sometimes even more perplexing.

Why is it, with increased teachers' salaries and per-pupil expenditures, that our students perform so poorly? Again, the answer can be found in our zeal to correct social disorders. Schools in localities with large low-income and minority populations must provide costly social services to their students, leaving even less money for actual education.

6. *Someone must be in charge.* Local, state, and federal government; community groups; unions; educational theorists; parents; and even students have all taken a crack at running our schools, and the results are about the same. None has run them well. Schools and their employees' unions have developed intricate bureaucracies of their own, which spend more time explaining their failures than seeking solutions to the problems they face.

The responsibility for making decisions, controlling resources, and planning and implementing programs has been taken away from principals and teachers and dispersed throughout the educational bureaucracy, from the local school system all the way to the federal government.

We cannot expect our schools to function well when those most directly involved lack the authority to manage them effectively.

Acceptance of these six realities will not provide all the answers to the problems our schools face today. But they do suggest directions we might pursue:

We must recognize that schools exist to educate, and that the task is monumental enough without the attempt to right the social wrongs that have originated elsewhere.

We must recognize that—if the function of education is to enable us to become the most that we can be—there is no such thing as a minimum acceptable standard.

We must insist that time and money be used to strengthen basic academic curricula.

We must scrutinize our beliefs about what makes for an effective learning experience and discard those that have proved ineffective and wasteful; further, we cannot rely on teachers and educational theorists alone in making such decisions.

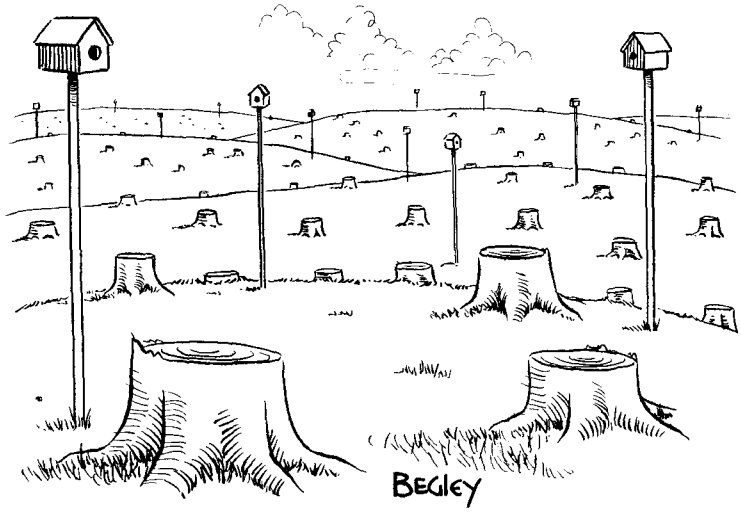
We must revolutionize the way in which schools are financed and establish firm priorities for spending.

And finally, we must return the management of our schools to those most directly involved in the delivery of educational services to the public.

Our schools provide a key to the future of society. We must take control of them, watch over them, and nurture them if they are to be set right again. To do less is to invite disaster upon ourselves, our children, and our nation.

—John C. Sawhill

Dr. Sawhill is president of New York University.



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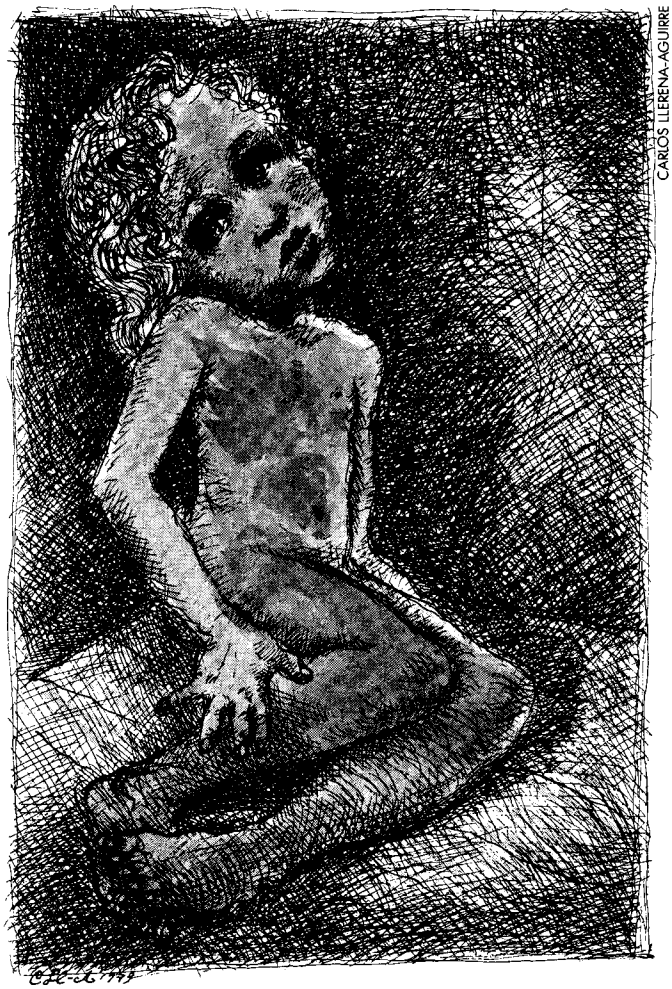
The Bizarre Case of Rebecca Holmes

by Malcolm N. Carter



CARLOS LLERENA-AGUIRRE

REBECCA HOLMES is one of those children whose greatest offense was being born and whose penalty for it beggars the imagination. She is a victim of parental neglect that was not only extreme but bizarre as well. While the chilling details of her story may seem to set her apart, Rebecca Holmes is just another case among the vast number of children—some sociologists put the figure at 1.5 million—who are abused or neglected in this country every year.

Social scientists identified "the battered child" syndrome in 1962. The federal government also began to focus on the problem relatively recently, in 1974; this year, it will spend $19 million on public education, research and analysis, regional treatment centers, and personnel training.

Despite all this new attention to child abuse and neglect, however, researchers know precious little about its causes. The National Institute of Mental Health says, in a 200-page report, that there isn't even clear substantiation for the popularly held notion that child abusers were themselves abused as children. There does, however, seem to be a greater incidence of child abuse and neglect in families of low income, low skills, and low education, perhaps because these characteristics lead to a stressful life. In addition, the NIMH report says, child abusers seem to suffer from low self-esteem, self-hatred, fear of rejection, and a low tolerance for frustration. But even these few general findings lack the support of solid research, according to the agency.

While Becky's case in particular doubtless excites a morbid curiosity about the wretched life of a neglected child, it also may help to explain why some parents all but destroy their offspring. Her story draws us into the netherworld of her parents' motivation and sheds a little light on how circumstance may combine with human frailty to produce what is otherwise incomprehensible. Above all, the case of Rebecca Holmes offers a rare opportunity to assess the progress of one child-abuse victim after her recuperation has begun and to celebrate her resilience.

The tip that ultimately led to Becky's release was one of hundreds received by Sergeant Miriam Travis of the child abuse unit of the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department. The street to which she went with three deputies was like any other in the working-class suburb of Paramount, south of Los Angeles. And the house, a pastel-colored stucco dwelling, seemed neat, well-maintained, and as unprepossessing as the neighboring single-story homes that uniformly evoke a Mexican heritage in the neighborhood.

Perhaps the most unusual thing about this particular case was that the sergeant had been warned about the terrible temper of Daniel Holmes, 33. She and her deputies were afraid that the sturdily built head of the household would get violent at their arrival; as Sergeant Travis puts it, "We didn't know what to expect."

They went up to the front door with some caution, but the officers needn't have worried. Holmes was not there, and though his common-law wife gave the deputies no reason to think so at the time, she was the one who ruled the household. The woman, Alice Hernandez, made only a token effort to rebuff the deputies and surprised them by letting them inside her tidy home without a search warrant.

A plant lover, the sergeant noticed that the living room was filled with greenery. One of the deputies, John Rondina, noticed something else: One wall was covered with family snapshots showing Holmes with Hernandez and two children—Alice, 13, and Danny, 9.

Not shown in any of the 25 photographs was the child the officers had come to see, 8-year-old Rebecca. Rondina asked the Hernandez woman whether they could see the girl. Eyeing the two peace officers suspiciously, the slight and stolid mother tried to put them off. The girl, she said, was sleeping. Sergeant Travis replied that they wanted to see Rebecca any-

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way. "Would you take us to her?" she asked firmly. The woman simply turned and slunk down a short hall, past a sitting room and a girl's bedroom to a place where the kitchen, master bedroom, and bathroom were situated. She reached for the bedroom door. "As she opened the door," Sergeant Travis recalls, "the smell from inside just about bowled me over. I had to hold my breath because it was so overpowering. It was definitely a urine smell." Rebecca, however, was nowhere in sight.

Asked where the child was, the mother motioned to a screen set up near the closet. Moving it aside, Sergeant Travis beheld a grotesque sight. Asleep on a green, vinyl-covered cot was the little girl. She was not lying down. She was not covered. She slept sitting up, unsupported, her legs outstretched stiffly before her. "I said, 'This is Rebecca?'" the sergeant recounts, her voice rising with persisting incredulity. "Here was this tiny, tiny, tiny little girl."

When Sergeant Travis put her down, Becky resumed her submissive pose, eyes closed, hands clasped, quiet, sore, uncomplaining.

Sergeant Travis, a slim grandmother whose blonde, pixie-styled hair belies her age, picked up the astonishingly small eight-year-old. Becky's overflowing diaper slid to her ankles, revealing a crimson rash so bad that the girl's skin was peeling. The sleeve of the trim blue suit Sergeant Travis was wearing got soiled, so she put the child down on the cot again. She then noticed what she calls a classic sign of child abuse: Becky looked up at her mother and resumed her original submissive pose, eyes closed, hands clasped on her thighs, quiet, sore, and uncomplaining.

The deputies were also interested in seeing the closet in the bedroom, for it was here, they were told, Becky was kept. The floor of the closet measured roughly two and a half feet by four feet. There appeared to be a space where someone had been sitting for a long time. Besides women's clothes hanging inside, the closet contained a dirty pillow without a pillowcase, a broken doll, and what Rondina took to be the crumbled remains of old disposable diapers. Feces were smeared on one wall. It was in this closet that a niece of Alice Hernandez had found Becky while investigating a noise in the presumably empty house. To her, the girl inside looked like a two-year-old, but the young woman knew that the child must have been her long-forgotten cousin born to her aunt years earlier.

The niece had told her family about Becky, and they had warned Alice that they would go to the authorities if she continued to keep the girl in such a condition. When nothing changed in the next two weeks, the niece confided in a friend at work, and the friend told a local police officer. "I knew it would come to this," Alice Hernandez mumbled while changing her daughter's diaper at the sergeant's request. To Travis, Becky's mother seemed, more than anything, relieved.

When the deputies found Becky on April 18, 1978, she weighed 24 pounds and stood 32 inches high. These measurements are about half the usual height and weight of a child her age, and her mother understated the girl's birth date by two full years either out of forgetfulness or as an attempt to conceal the extent of Becky's deprivation. In addition, Becky was unable to walk; she propelled herself by scooting along on her backside. Nor did she speak more than a handful of words. Nor did she eat normally; she initially rejected foods like meats and bananas, possibly because they were new to her. She would, however, attempt to eat cat food whenever she had the chance. She craved doughnuts and peanut butter. According to the foster mother with whom she was placed, she would make a meal out of a mere cornflake. Strangely, though, despite her size, Becky displayed no signs of malnutrition in medical tests performed after she was discovered and taken from her parents.

In contrast to Becky, her brother seems normal, her sister seems normal, and her parents give every outward appearance of normality. However meager, some clues may perhaps be found by examining the background of her parents.

Alice Hernandez is a Mexican-American who was one of 10 children. When Alice Hernandez was 12, her mother died following surgery. It was then that Alice began to run away from home repeatedly. Placed in the custody of the juvenile court, she also fled from the convent school to which she was sent. Alice Hernandez drifted for the next five years and fell in with the man who fathered her first child, a daughter, Alice, born to her when she was 19. After she had become pregnant by this man a second time, she started living with Daniel Holmes.

When Daniel John Holmes was 12, his mother left home. He never saw her again. He claims to have no memory of her other than that of her departure—he recalls that she left with a half-sister. Daniel stayed with his father, whom he describes as a hard worker. Although he has become a hard worker himself, Holmes thinks of himself as the black sheep of the family. He had difficulties with the law when he was a youth, but they were minor.

Husky, square, and immutable, he seems built to withstand almost any force. His arms look like jackhammers, all the more threatening, perhaps, because of the tatoos on them. He sometimes wears a full beard, but he has shaved it of late, leaving an imposing reddish moustache. Anger, hurt, and confusion masked his eyes during one court session; yet he speaks with a soft voice that seems peculiarly mismatched with his 200-pound bulk.

While Holmes looks brutish, his wife—as diminutive, fine-boned, and spare as a sparrow—has a keen-edged psychological dominion over him. Where he hulks, she is taut with tension; she radiates suspicion and calculation. Alice Hernandez is a woman to be reckoned with, and Holmes so much as told the sheriff's department that he was afraid of her. "What the f--- would you do if you were me?" he demanded, breaking down. He reluctantly went along with Becky's deprivation, Holmes said, because he loved his family and didn't want to lose his wife or other children as a result of their fights over Rebecca.

When the couple began living together, they had to decide immediately what to do about the second child Alice was then carrying. Because Holmes felt he could not support two children, they gave the baby up for adoption. His wife became pregnant a third time in 1967, this time with the boy they would call Danny, Jr. After he was born, Hernandez started taking birth-control pills. She had to stop for medical reasons, however, and soon conceived a fourth time. Holmes, who later denied making such statements, was quoted by Deputy Rondina as saying that his wife never wanted another child, had tried to lose the baby, and "didn't give a sh--" about her.

But five and a half months into her pregnancy, Alice Hernandez did give birth to Rebecca by caesarean section. The scar on her stomach angered her, according to the statements that Holmes later recanted. She felt she could no longer wear bikini bathing suits.

Crying during her interview with Rondina and Travis, Hernandez admitted that she had kept Becky in the closet for long periods of time for at least the six months prior to the arrival of the authorities. But in truth, she and Holmes had hidden the little girl away for years. One side of the family was told she was with the other side, and conversely. A former neighbor happened to see a small child with red hair and very white skin in a dirty crib in the home on four occasions. When the neighbor asked about her, Alice Hernandez said she was babysitting for a friend. The daughter of another former neighbor said young Danny had once told her that he

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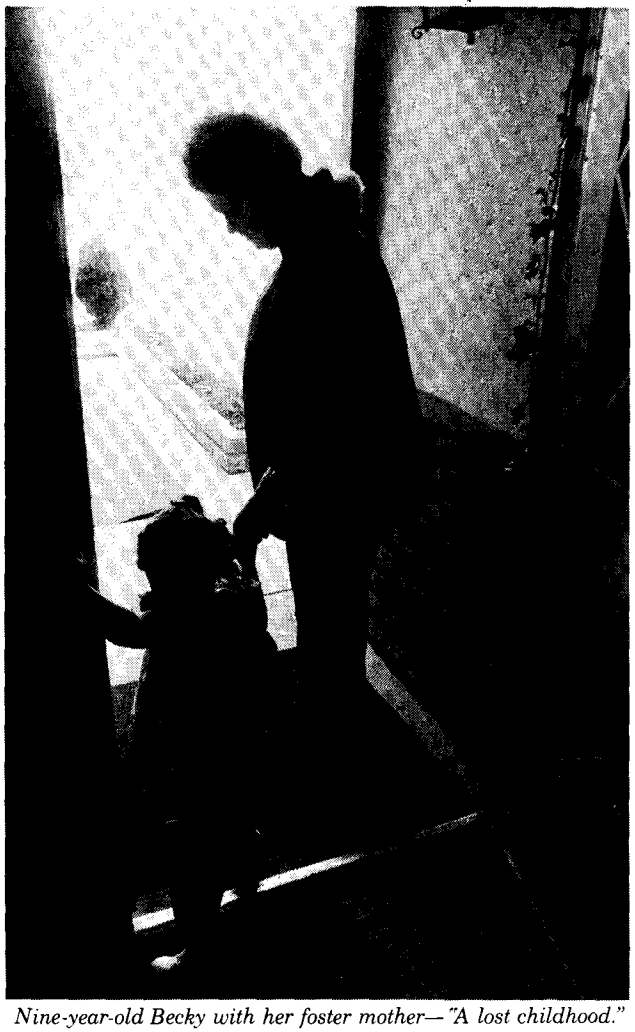
had a sister named Rebecca. When the girl asked Danny's mother about the sister, the Hernandez woman replied that her son never told the truth and had no sister named Rebecca. Danny, according to the girl, was severely punished.

On the verge of tears, Danny later told the sheriff's department that his parents had never told him why they were hiding Rebecca. "Due to Danny's emotional state," Rondina reported, "all I was able to ascertain was that Rebecca was kept in a brown playpen in his parents' closet and that he wasn't supposed to talk to anyone about her."

Becky's pediatrician, Dr. Joel Widelitz, is not certain why she couldn't walk and didn't otherwise develop normally, but he believes that the most likely reason was the absence of mothering. First identified in institutionalized infants, the condition that results from this deficiency is known as environmental deprivation syndrome. While it is thought that the syndrome can be fatal, if it has indeed caused dwarfism in Rebecca, it will be the most extreme case on record. If her size, on the other hand, is not a symptom of the syndrome, it is possible that she suffers from cerebral palsy, which occurs when a baby is deprived of oxygen just before or at birth. Once the brain is damaged this way, the lost capabilities cannot be regained. Widelitz says, however, that Becky suffers from only a very mild case of the disability, if she has it at all. "She's walking," he notes. "A kid with bad cerebral palsy wouldn't be able to walk without braces." The doctor adds that Becky's marked improvement with no more than a change in environment also indicates that her problem is environmental deprivation rather than cerebral palsy.



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Nine-year-old Becky with her foster mother—"A lost childhood."

In the year since she was freed, Becky has grown more than twice as fast as is usual for a child her age, thanks to the devoted nurture of her foster mother. In just the first six months, she grew six inches; she now weighs more than 40 pounds. She has outgrown three or four sizes of clothes and has gone from infant's-size to children's-size shoes. She is toilet-trained. She eats normally. She has developed a vocabulary of several hundred words and can carry on a simple conversation. She recognizes characters from Sesame Street. She no longer shrinks from the closet near her crib. Nor does she wake up nights screaming in terror.

Yet she still lines up her dolls around the edge of the crib, as if to make more room for herself. Also, she still needs to wear uncomfortable braces at night to correct completely the dislocations of her knees and hips. And she still cries when her foster mother leaves the house.

For all she has been through, Becky has a quick and sunny smile, which she beamed at a recent visitor who gave her a present. "Look at that, Mom," she laughed, tearing off the gift wrap. Inside was a game that she learned rapidly. Then she went outside, to a world that continues to fascinate her; an earthworm, for instance, caught and held her attention as she toddled along the sidewalk.

Now attending a special school, she has begun to assert herself. When another girl took her sweater, she demanded it back—and got it. "That's a long way from the little girl who just sat there and looked at you," remarks her foster mother, whose identity is being withheld at the request of the Department of Public Social Services, which is now responsible for Becky. She reports that Becky has also become more sociable. And she has become increasingly self-reliant. Although she cannot tie her shoes, she now dresses herself. "She is," the woman says, "like a regular kid." Laughing at picture books, practicing her numbers, bobbing to the music of Sesame Street, Becky does indeed act like a regular kid. But there are striking differences. For one thing, there remain the dark circles beneath her eyes, burnished there by the unspeakable deprivation of her early lifetime. There is also the reality of her age; she may look like a regular kid—but a kid of three, not nine.

No one can speculate with any certainty what will happen to her now. The foster mother, who has cared for six handicapped children during the past three years, is optimistic. She says children can recover from abuse and neglect.

Dr. Widelitz is less sanguine. It is, he says, "quite likely" that Becky will be intellectually and physically retarded. Although she has progressed through almost two years' development in only one year's time, she would have to maintain that rate of growth for years to catch up to, and stay with, her age group. "It is too late for her to catch up. I think she will be a very small, retarded adult. But," the pediatrician continues, "kids do amazing things sometimes."

As for Alice Hernandez and Daniel Holmes, files of the Department of Public Social Services show that they developed a strong psychological defense in the face of their situation—denial. In fact, Alice Hernandez was quoted by the sheriff's deputies as saying that she not only changed Becky's diapers 10 times a day but bathed her daily as well. She also said that the girl weighed 43 pounds, almost double her actual weight when she was found. And she maintained that twice a week they all used to go to the beach, where they played and walked. Becky, of course, could no more walk along the beach than she could now swim the Panama Canal.

For her parents, the bizarre case of Rebecca Holmes all but ended in Compton Superior Court last January. Alice Hernandez was sentenced to a maximum of three years in prison on her felony conviction of child endangering. Daniel Holmes was sentenced to a year on the same charge. They will lose mere months. But Rebecca Holmes has lost a childhood and—who knows?—the likelihood of a happy and productive future life.

Malcolm N. Carter is a freelance writer and reporter based in New York City.

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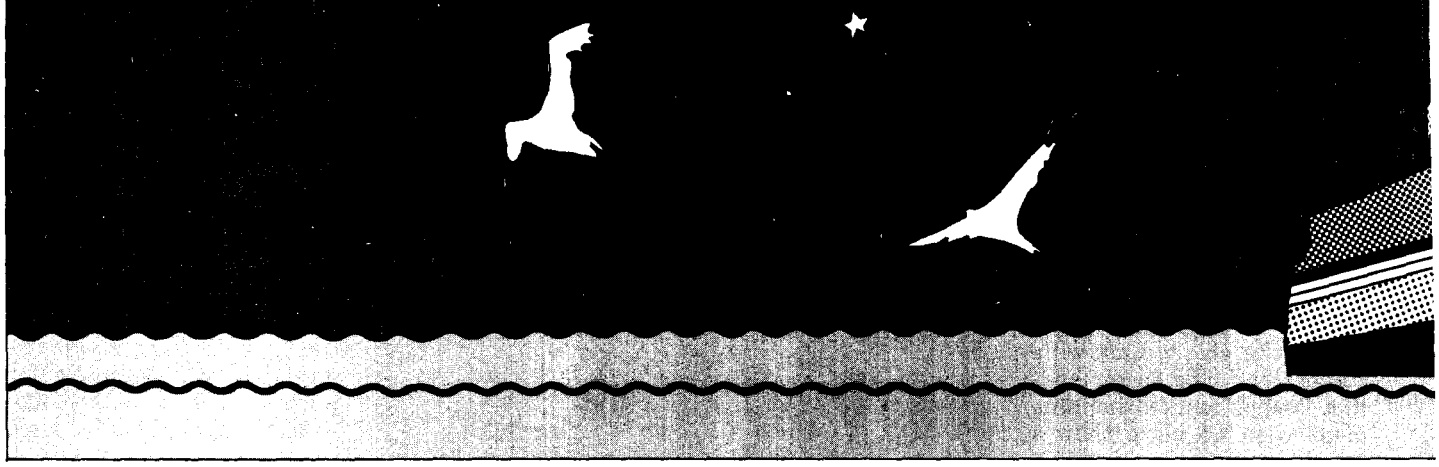
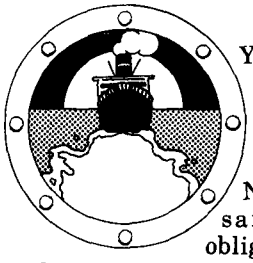
The Romance of Ships

The great liners got you there in style—a form of transport festooned with streamers, dappled with bon voyage galas and midnight sailings. When the plane became the transporter, the great ships turned into floating hotels—new ports each day, grand cuisine, and entertainment to jolt the jaded. The romance never faded; how it is (and was) is the essence of these pages.



In the Wake of Cruise Ships

by Colleen McCullough



Years ago when I made my first few journeys from Australia to Europe and North America, I sailed. One was obliged to sail then, unless one was quite well off. The *Orcades*, the *Southern Cross*, the *Oronsay*, the *Himalaya*, the *Oriana*. Thrown together with five other females, all of us complete strangers to each other, inhabitants of a six-berth cupboard down on G or H deck, that airless, dismal ship's rectum we used to call "the Burma railway," a long desperate gallop from the toilets and bathrooms. We adored it, as I remember. It was Adventure, a four-week-minimum overture to an alien Northern Hemisphere future, and who ever spent time in a cabin save to sleep?

That way to travel has almost gone. Now one flies, and sometimes one even has to endure the fleshly mortification of arriving on the opposite side of the world two hours before one started. Of the ships in which I sailed, none remains unscuttled, so in an odd way I am the repository of a tiny slice of history.

To sample the sea properly these days one must cruise, but cruising is quite a different matter from taking passage. It's a holiday pure and simple, a going-from rather than a going-to. I don't know how many cruisers cruise specifically to meet people, make new friends, and generally have a continuous onboard party, versus how many cruisers cruise to see exotic places, savor exotic climes, enrich their knowledge of the world rather than of their fellow men and women. However, among cruisers I have known I can number the lonely, the birthday or anniversary celebrants, the mildly invalided, the retired with time on their hands and sufficient means, the predators, the compulsive cruisers, the birds of paradise, the insatiably curious, the let's-cruise-to-patch-up-our-marriage brigade, the occasional honeymoon couple, and the sun worshippers. These last, of course, never go to see the midnight sun or icebergs splintering away from sea-worried glaciers.

No matter where the cruise destinations be, once out of port the ship becomes an enclosed and self-sufficient world, its complement the prisoners of that luminous austere body

ALL ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARCY GOLD

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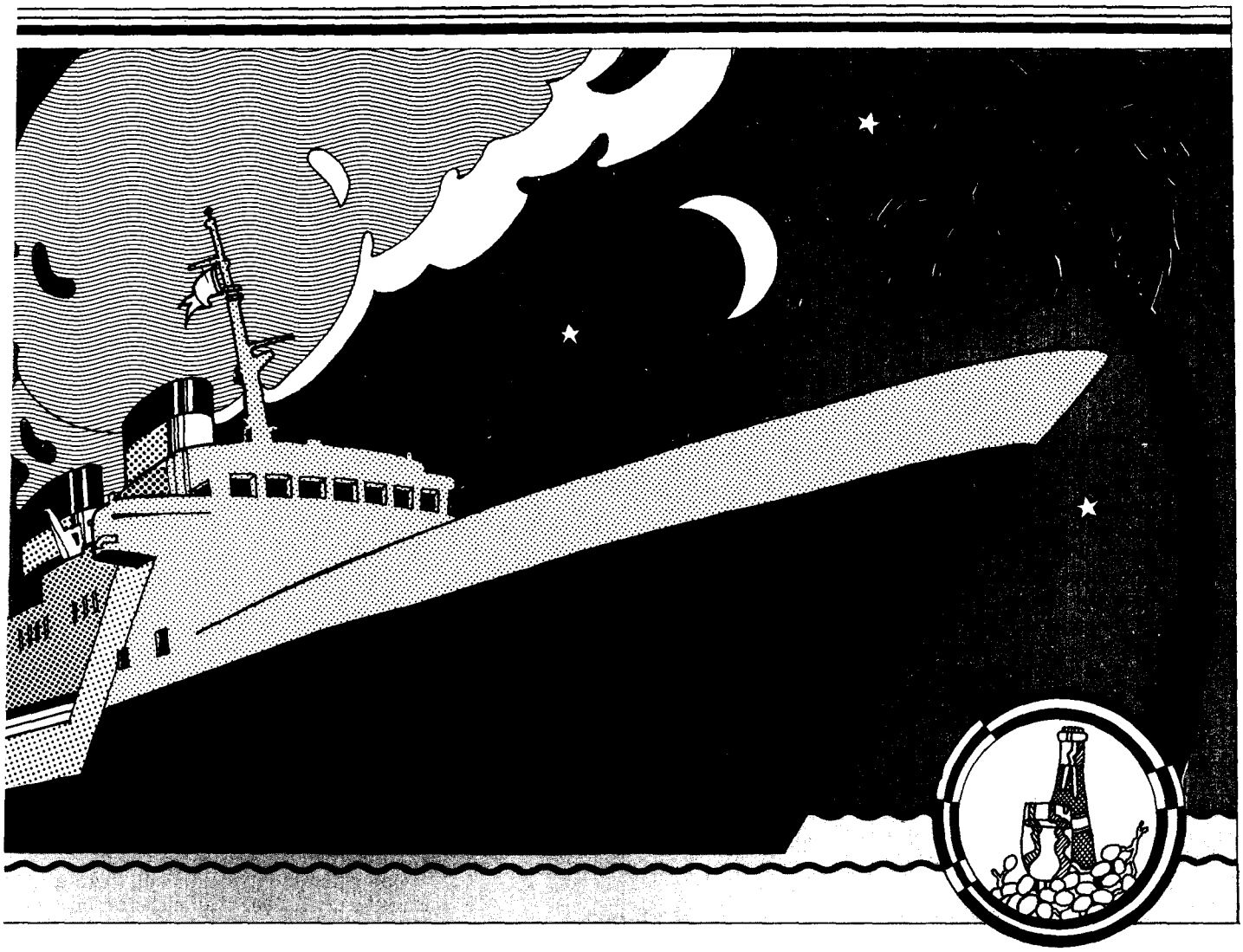

lapping around, beneath.

There are immediate decisions and adjustments to be made, especially on the part of those for whom this is a new experience. Nothing is quite still, nothing is aligned quite as it surely ought to be. The ship's staff seems remote, busy, depressingly bronzed. Cabins are hard to locate, and the Versailles of public rooms leads everywhere but where one wants to go. The old hands at cruising cow the novices by behaving knowledgeably and with an irritating air of superiority. So, people being people, when in doubt or need of reassurance, they eat.

The dining room is tremendously important, for it is here that most passenger groups will form and coalesce out of the random chaos presided over by an unknown seating authority. On some ships there's bitter unscrupulous battle to sit at the captain's table, where on other ships he is a democratic fellow and shifts either himself or his guests around. Some ships prefer to get the meals over and done with at one sitting, where others have two. The wise or experienced bag the second sitting so they can linger over coffee, not to mention have an extra hour in bed of a morning.

Tables shake down during the first few meals; dining stewards seem aloof or surly; there is much covert assessing of what everybody else is wearing; conversations stall or drift rudderless or plow ahead regardless of the heavy going. It is discovered that an elderly gentleman has insisted upon a table to himself, where he sits in lonely state and becomes the ship's mystery man, disembarking when the voyage is done as much an enigma as he was when first he appeared in the dining room. Some tables are noisy with laughter. Tables for two are eyed a little askance, another rebuff smacking of exclusivity; yes, her gowns are definitely extremely expensive, yes, doesn't he seem pompous, yes, she certainly does complain a lot to the chief steward—or—yes, they are clearly too much in love to want anybody else nearby. There are glum tables, awkward ones, ones where a natural leader takes charge during the very first meal and the rest fall contentedly into line, at least until a contender emerges. All the black people sit together, and all the white people fret over what to do about it; did they choose to be isolated, or do they resent it? As a result all the white people take the trouble to smile as they pass a black table, and all the black people look terribly puzzled, because they're actually a church group who came together. The formidably large foreign-language contingent (usually German or Japanese) clots with rapidly increasing density and gravitational force into a rival sun which insists upon spinning the wrong way, and eventually tugs the ship into a full-blown binary system.

Wisely, most cruise ships spend the first one or two days at sea, stabilizer fins extended to dampen down the anguish of mal-de-mer. Some would-be windjammers with wildly glistening eyes pray for force-nine gales and the sight of storm boards up around the tables, while most souls pray for an oily milky slip through a millpond.

The coagulation process continues outside the dining room. The sportingly inclined make other friends up at deck tennis or shuffleboard; the sybarites around the pool loll in congenial inertia; the night owls roost together in the disco; the card fans cling to the card room; the bingo addicts bingo remorselessly in the ballroom; the drinkers become grafted to their habitual chairs in the bars. Chess fanatics wander in search of a satisfactory partner,

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clicking pawns or tiles together suggestively in the hand, or quite accidentally dropping one at a pair of likely feet. Those few lucky creatures who have had 20,000 lessons from Arthur Murray practice complicated routines half the day long on a deserted floor, in order to be in tip-top form when the band finally drapes itself around various instruments. Solitary cruisers hide behind the leaves of books until drawn into a friendly unit, the speed at which this occurs governed by the degree of shyness.

After the fall of a rich thick darkness the revelry climaxes in Sunday-best plumage at the dinner table, followed by a floor show and dancing in the ballroom. No one seems to mind if the acts are a long way from Las Vegas, for ship's entertainers are a jolly lot, equipped with staggering repertoires of songs and jokes. Some passengers forgo the ballroom to skulk within the anonymity of the movie theater, then usually emerge to head straight for the disco. But by midnight detumescence has set in; there's a definite trickle cabinward, and by one o'clock it is a stream in full spate.

At night amid the detached dizziness of presleep, no matter how still the sea, the ship's riveted hull creaks, moves, groans, sighs. Those who don't understand toss and mutter imprecations, but those who do understand lie at peace with their mother, for all who sail therein are protected by that iron womb. Who can doubt she is truly alive? Her noises are the respiration cycles of a living rib cage, and down there far among the engines ceaselessly beats her heart.

Then, voilà! The first port of call lures everybody up on deck early to witness the pilot come on board and the complicated maneuvers of docking. At no other time of the day does a commercial harbor look so washed, new, flushed, beautiful. Landfall might be a Caribbean island where forests and flowers and volcanoes overshadow maritime industry, the salty rump of a dirty European city, or some more far-flung place swarming with sampans or giggling Polynesians. There may be a band on the wharf—steel percussion in Trinidad, languid ukeleles in Honolulu, British brass in Colombo, nasal wind in Alexandria.

And comes the first shore excursion, passengers clucking and pecking frantically as they try to sit with friends in a bus of the correct language. Almost everyone will have booked an organized tour, but inevitably as the cruise progresses, more and more people will prefer the ship to the shore, for a first-class shore excursion is a relative rarity—not the fault of the shipping line, rather the limitations of local skill and accommodation, plus the number of ships which happen to be in port simultaneously. Around the Caribbean, even after the height of the season has passed, as many as four large liners will be tied up together, straining the local facilities almost to breaking. Those cruising to Europe are better off, while those visiting the Far East and Oceania stand the best chance of experiencing a superlative shore excursion.

One must remember too that though every indigene wants the foreigners in town spending their dollars and pounds and D-marks and yen, many find this hard to reconcile with the accompanying invasion of privacy and custom, especially when the lordly foreigners point and exclaim and click off cameras. The inevitable interest of shore-going cruisers in picturesque poverty is particularly difficult for the picturesque impoverished to bear. They ride donkeys because they cannot afford cars, they spin wool off a distaff because it costs them little beyond calloused fingers, they have sores on their legs because they have not enough to eat. But the trippers off the ships come, observe, marvel, and go again. Tourism is a bit of a two-edged sword.

Naturally a lot depends upon the cost of any cruise. The more expensive it is, the better ship and shore are likely to be. Yet people are people, no matter what. One receives no guarantee along with the ticket that the more expensive the cruise, the more fun there'll be. Very often there's less fun.

One thing I do recommend. Take a longer cruise rather than a shorter one, the longest you can afford up to a month in duration. The first week by definition is the loneliest and most uncomfortable; by contrast, the last week is filled with new and interesting friends, lots of comfy assignations in bars and lounges, a perfected technique for dodging the ship's pains-in-the-deck, and great expertise in making the most of being ashore. Among the people you've not had the time or opportunity to meet you'll find some you've actually come to love, simply because the sight of them enhances your pleasure.

Go on, try a cruise, be you timorous or tigerish! If you are willing to open your mind and your heart to it, somewhere very many miles from home and the nearest land mass you'll discover the enchantment only being at sea can offer. For out there you're a species of spaceman, encapsulated yet adrift; and perhaps late one night, leaning on the rail to watch the dying wake or a sky heavy and misty with stars, you'll come to understand how awesome and silent a place the universe is, and how fundamental a part of it is Man.

Colleen McCullough is the author of the best-selling book The Thorn Birds. *An Australian, she makes her home in Connecticut.*

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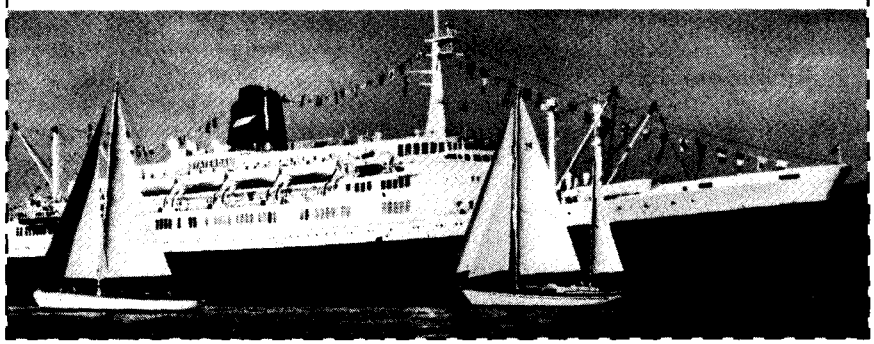

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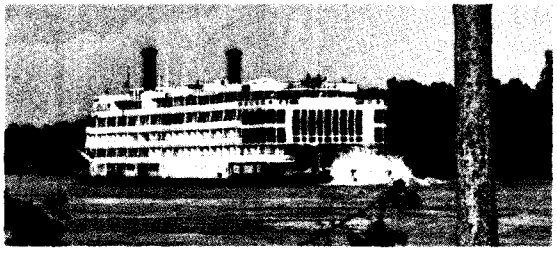

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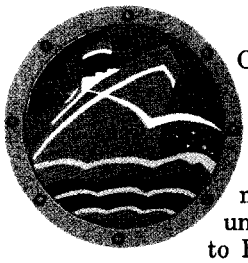
Those Beauteous Bon Voyage Days

by Frank Braynard



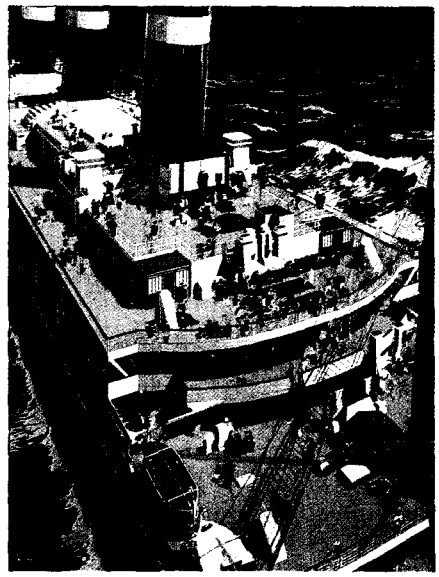
One of my most treasured pieces of nautical memorabilia is a pencil sketch made by my great-uncle on his first trip to Europe. He drew while sitting on deck aboard the Anchor Line's *Furnessia*, all of 5,495 tons, smaller than a typical Baltic Sea ferry of today, sketching the tall black smokestack of his ship against a background of tall masts, square sails, and rigging. To him in 1895 steamship memories meant ships with paddle wheels and long public rooms with skylights and dining-saloon tables with fixed chairs and hanging condiment holders that swayed with the ship's roll. One of the great ships of Uncle Harry's time was the *Oregon* of Guion Line, sunk in a mysterious accident off Fire Island. To this day no one knows just what ship collided with her that dark night, although a large schooner was posted missing the same hours. In my personal collection of steamship artifacts, a treasured piece is a plate from the *Oregon* brought up by skin divers.

My Uncle Harry lived long enough to foster within me, in my early years, a passion for ocean liners that has never abated. He sailed in 1926 on a cruise aboard the *Empress of France*, 18,000 tons, and I still have the brochure that the travel agent sent him. Its cover depicts the gold Tutankhamen mummy case from the tomb that once again has agitated public curiosity.

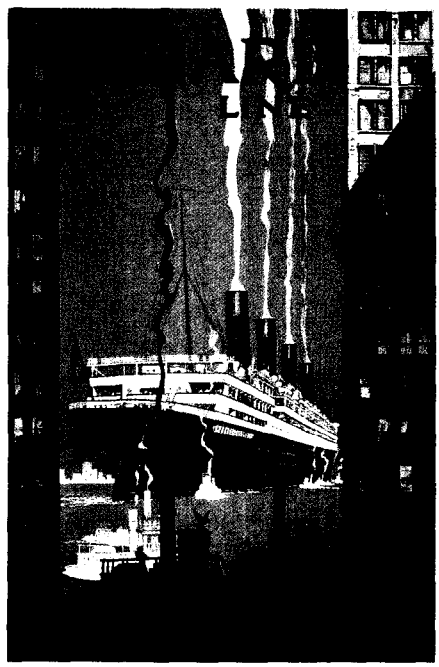
When I went down to the docks to see him sail with Aunt Sue, one of the kindly Canadian Pacific stewards gave me some sage advice. Would it be wise, I asked, for me to stow away in a large wicker laundry hamper. "No," he said empathically. I resisted the urge, waiting impatiently until it would be my turn to go to sea.

Sailing days were rich moments. Midnight sailings were the most glamorous, with huge liners like the *Majestic, Berengaria*, and *Leviathan* attracting as many as 10,000 people to watch them depart. Hordes of visitors would come aboard and tramp through the long corridors, "oh-ing" and "ah-ing" at the sumptuous lounges, the gorgeous paintings and beautiful furniture everywhere, and the smell of wax and polish.

Bon-voyage packages and huge baskets of flowers would be piled up everywhere. It would take days for the stewards and others pressed into service to help to get them all sorted out and delivered to the right cabins. Traffic jammed the streets near a departing liner. On one occasion 46 people missed a sailing of the *Leviathan* because they simply could not get to Pier 86. Then there were always a few well-wishers, who, no matter how loudly the bellboys went through the alleys clanging gongs and shouting "All ashore that's going ashore," had too good a time at the good-bye parties and forgot to get off. These sad characters would be taken off by the undocking tugs.



U.S. Lines poster— "Sailing days were rich."



Cunard poster, 1914— "A parting salute."

I was on a tug once when a very large woman began to descend the ladder. Trying to be helpful I rushed to hold the ladder at its base so she would not fall. She saw me and looked down angrily, shouting: "Don't look." Such an idea was farthest from my mind, but I turned my eyes away and held on to the ladder as she descended. As she reached the tug's deck, puffing and panting, she spotted a photographer standing nearby. She scowled and said: "He didn't take any pictures, did he?" He was from the *World-Telegram*, I allowed, not mentioning that he was the paper's art editor.

When I was 17 and leaving all by myself for two weeks in England, my family came *en masse* to see me sail. It was 1934 and I was outward bound on the wonderful new *Manhattan*. The feelings of camaraderie and mutual pleasure at all the grand expanse of deck and the beautiful public rooms were suddenly shattered when everyone but me went down the gangplank to wave goodbye at the pier. I have never felt so lonely and separate. In a few minutes that feeling was all gone; it was a sumptuous trip.

How I ever got on the lap of that much older Irish girl that night on deck I will never know, but I bounded up promptly in shock when I heard her whisper to a friend: "How old do you suppose he is?" That was too much! And when I left the ship at Plymouth my homesickness for my little tourist-third cabin was so intense I didn't want to eat for hours.

Coming back on another trip some years later on the *President Roosevelt* produced scenes that as recollections I have cherished ever since. The tourist-third card room on that ship had no more than six tables and perhaps seats for 25. It was right over the port propeller and heaved wildly in bad weather when a tip of the propeller would come out of water in a deep pitch forward. I was in there one dark night playing cards when a friend shouted for me to hurry up on deck. There was a blaze of light approaching from the distance—a big ship overhauling us. In no time the maze of lights was opposite us, but it was too dark to discern what ship she was until, with a quick three flashes she lit up her stacks. There were three and they

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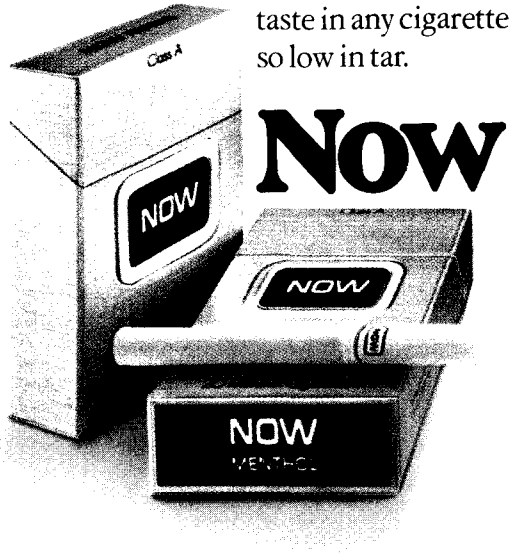

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were red and black. She was the *Queen Mary*, world's fastest liner, and she sped past us into the night. As she moved ahead she gave us one more flash of her funnel lights as a parting salute.

Many of the most nostalgic of all liner memories are those acquired in the ship's dining saloon. The magnificent glass-domed dining saloon of the *City of Paris* was an elegant place in calm seas. Although she was the largest ship in the world when new, that glass dome was smashed in by waves twice and again.

And I won't forget the stately and almost pompous gilt and pilasters of the dining saloon on the North German Lloyd liner *Columbus*. Imagine a company building two identical ships and naming them both *Columbus*. It happened, the first one having been seized in the war and renamed *Homeric* by White Star Line after Versailles.

The baronial elegance of an Italian palace is what the dining saloon on the *Vulcania* looked like. Carving inches deep on all sides, stained glass, marble nudes, winged nymphs, flowers, leaves, sculptured figures, mirrors, columns, and draperies.

Although the *France*, retired (and now being brought back), is a modern ship, she has many features that hark back to the age of the grand transatlantic liner. For example, her two-deck-high dining room. What fun it was to eat on the upper level at a table overlooking the lower-level tables. If there is one clear area in which the cruise liner surpasses the great liners of the past it is in the locating of the dining room on a top deck, with floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking the ocean. A few of the older ships were designed this way, but most of them had dining rooms buried far below in the hull with imitation windows looking out onto conventional portholes.

In the heyday of the great liners, the early-morning cutter took ships' news reporters from the newspapers and wire services down the bay to interview incoming celebrities. What a marvelous way to work—sit back in a quiet, comfortable lounge chair with coffee or something stronger and select who would be interviewed next. Bring in Marlene Dietrich, or let's see what Rita Hayworth has to say.

Movie stars were prime targets for cheesecake, a word that originated on shipboard. Not only the photographers went along for cheesecake sessions. The more daring the "leg art" the greater the chance of the resulting photo making the center spread of the *Daily Mirror*. The most daring photos became collector's items—the unprintables.

The Associated Press had several regular ship-newsmen, but none was as well known as John Moroso, a man with one finger missing. He was playing poker on the cutter en route to meet the *Aquitania*. Leaning back he had his right hand casually resting behind his head on a door frame. Someone slammed the door, cutting off one of his fingers. He casually wrapped a handkerchief around it and played on. The Cunarder's surgeon applied the bandages.

Jack Lawrence of the old *New York World* wrote a book about ship-news reporters called *When the Ships Came In*. Long out of print (it might still turn up in a second-hand bookstore), the book was rich with stories of the great Atlantic liners and of the world's most illustrious people who sailed on them.

Basil Woon's *The Frantic Atlantic* put titles on his chapters that illustrate ocean-going life in those flapper years, "Card-Sharpers and Ocean Vamps," "Don't Forget the Plus-Fours," and "The Buyers: Men Who Have Made 100 Round Trips and Are Still Young."

Passengers, especially immigrants, set great store by the size and number of smokestacks on the ships they would sail on. In the pre-World War I era immigrants proudly boasted of the number of "chimneys" their ship had. Some immigrants refused to board one-stacked liners because the poster back home had shown a ship with many funnels. This was a real problem to one-stackers such as the *President Lincoln*.

Even after the Great War this was a serious matter to the Anchor Line, which catered to Scottish immigrants. The company built five identical liners, the first three of which had only one funnel. That was all that was needed. But the public was disappointed and the last two ships, the *Caledonia* and the *Transylvania*, had three stacks, two of them dummies. The three-stackers were by far the most popular.

One liner, the famed *Queen of Bermuda*, sailed at various times in her career with three, two, and one stacks. Built with one dummy and two real funnels, she lost the dummy during World War II service, was rebuilt after the war with her original three stacks and then rebuilt again with only one large funnel.

Funnels are more rakishly styled now, but they still exist, along with steamer rugs, deck chairs, and shuffleboard. When the *QE2* first came out Cunard tried to bury shuffleboard, implying that there were many more sophisticated things to do on their great new liner. But the public demanded shuffleboard, and as an outdoor sport it is still a deck game on dozens of cruise liners. Stacks, shuffleboard, and deck chairs—the paraphernalia of steamship travel, along with the spirit of the majestic liners, live on the great cruise ships of today.

Frank Braynard, general manager of the New York Harbor Festival in 1979, is the author of 14 books on ships.

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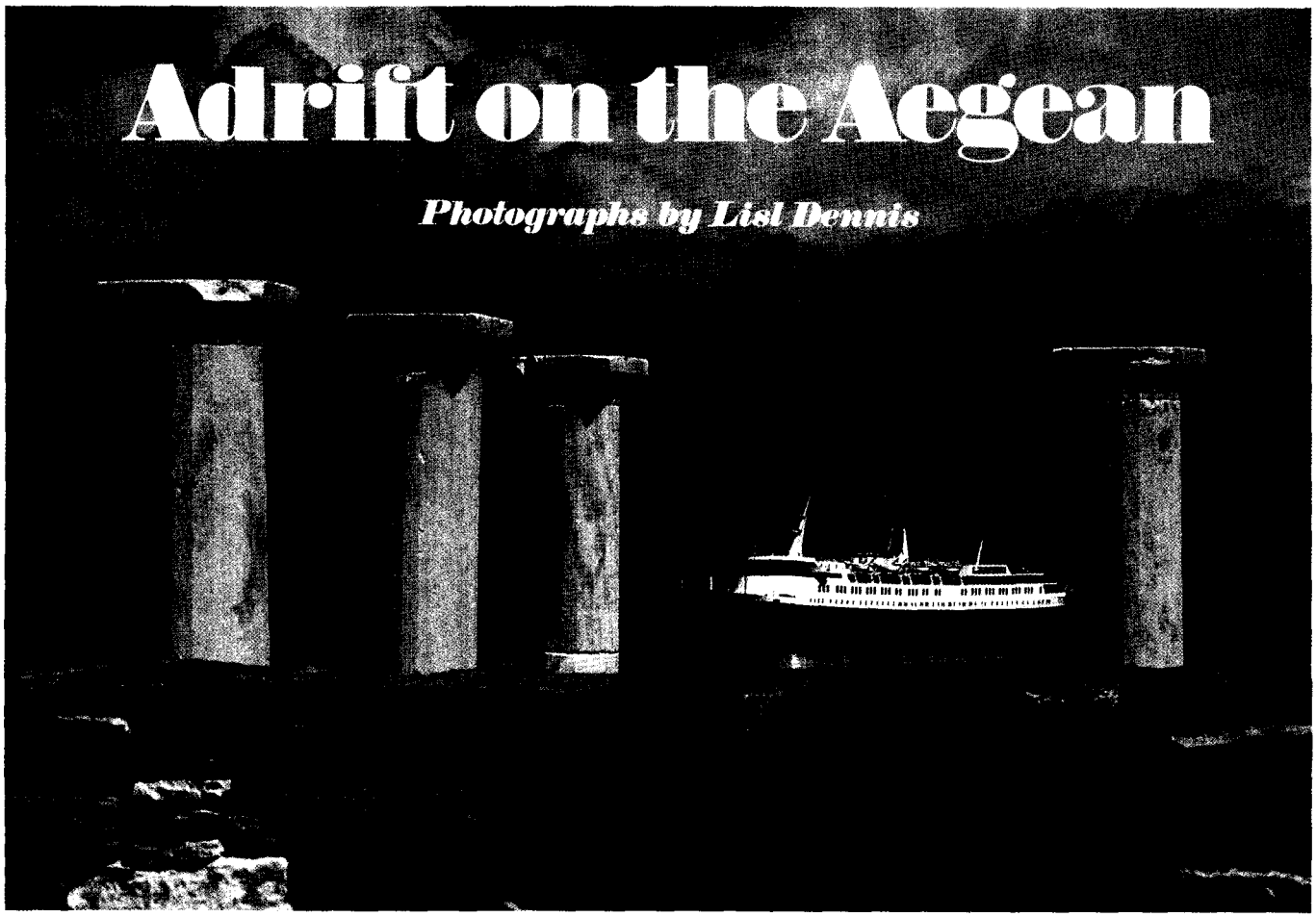
Adrift on the Aegean

Photographs by Lisl Dennis



Cruising on ships such as the Sun Line's Stella Solaris *means (clockwise from top), stops at ports like the Greek isle of Delos, cooling off in the ship's pool, probing the 365 white churches of Mykonos, and, back on board, dreaming away the nights at masquerade balls. Life ring makes a colorful souvenir photo.*

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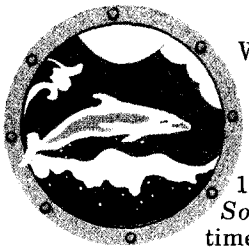


With five Greek isles and two Turkish ports to visit in a week, the Sun Line's 18,000-ton *Stella Solaris* wastes no time. Every Monday until October 8, over 600 passengers embark for a fast-sailing, history-filled Odyssey cruise.

Dancing by night, sightseeing by day, an international mix of passengers stretch out in deck chairs, wander through ruins, linger over meals, and barter for bargains in port after port.

"Many people have 'done' the Caribbean, so they fly to Greece to experience something new," said Captain Michael Benas, gazing through his binoculars at the deep blue Aegean, seared by sun.

For some, the challenge is to get up early. To see a lot, you give up a lot ... mostly sleep. By eight o'clock many mornings, *Stella Solaris* passengers are at the gangway. An hour later, those taking tours are amid the columns.

On Crete, they're Minoan: deep red with black bases, the remains of the Palace of King Minos at Knossos. Frescoes of frolicking porpoises, exotic birds, and griffins have also survived the centuries. On Rhodes, the ancient capital's Palace of the Grand Master and the Street of the Knights remind cruisers of the crusades, and the Temple of Athena at Lindos emphasizes classical loftiness.

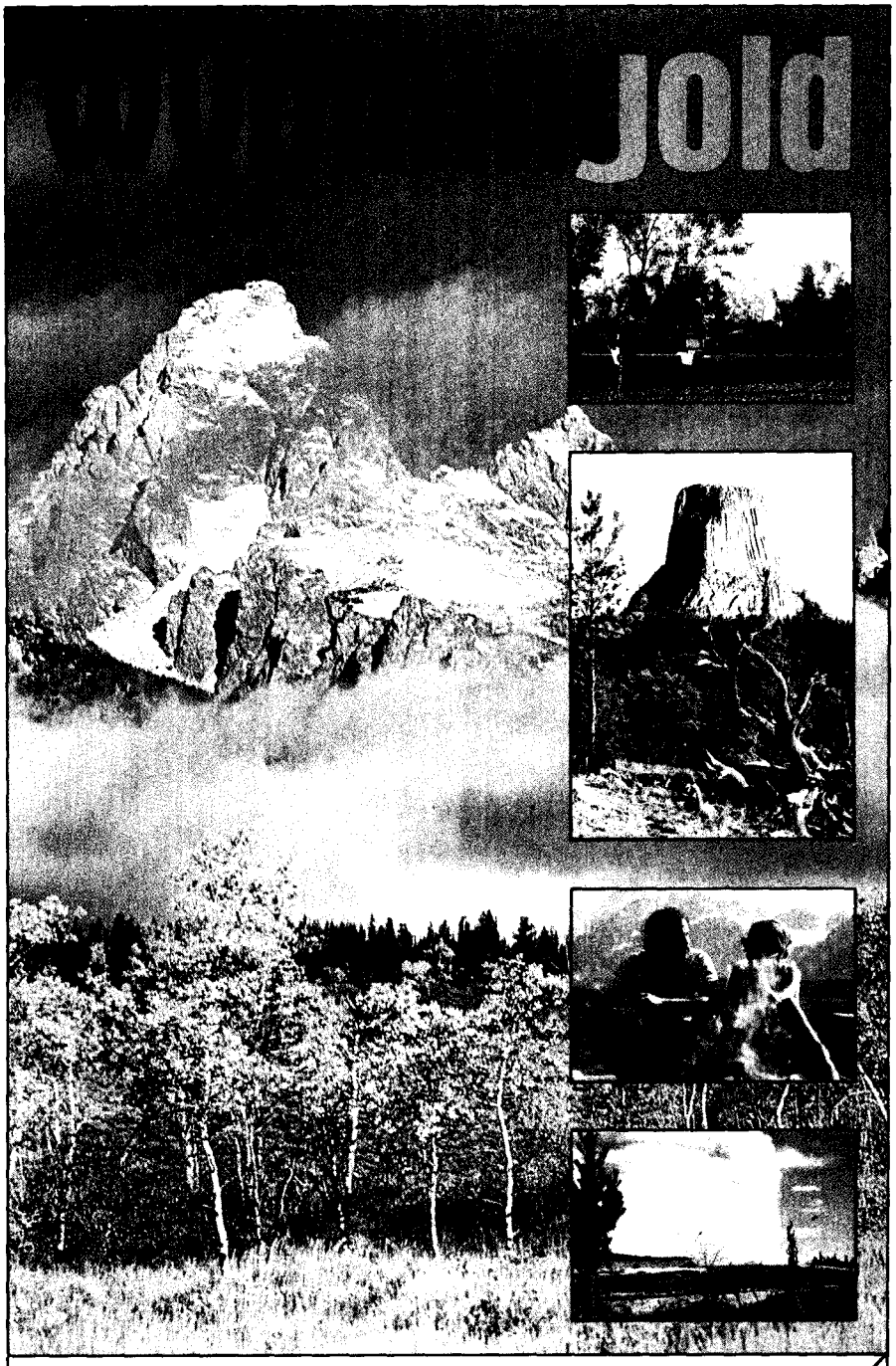
In the bay, 400 feet below, St. Paul dropped anchor enroute to Ephesus, noted today for its Roman monuments and chariot-rutted streets. Once the second largest city in the east, after Alexandria, Ephesus worshipped the cult of Artemis whose temple was one of the seven wonders of the world. Too, the city was the last home of the Virgin Mary, now a place of pilgrimage.

This Turkish archaeological wonder follows a stop at Santorini. Straddling mules to ascend 800 steps to the village above, visitors hang on for life. "If someone told me I'd be going 18 hours a day on a cruise, I'd have stayed home," exclaimed Norma Adams from Jacksonville, Florida. With both hands she clutched her saddle frantically. "But I'm loving every aching minute of it. I've lost three inches around my thighs and gained an inch around my middle."

The 7th-century B.C. lions of sacred Delos and the 20th-century boutiques of whitewashed Mykonos finalize and summarize the delights of an Aegean cruise in many minds. Sights and shopping are real magnets, the passengers say.

"Plus comfort, companionship, and adventure," adds cruise director John Lane. "They're reason enough for many people to sail with us two and three times a year." —LANDT DENNIS

SR 8/79



Wyoming Fall: For the Two of You

An elk's bugle echoes off a snow-dusted mountainside. High plains grasslands ripen in the sun while the flowers sleep. Stark white aspen trunks and green mountain pines counterpoint a symphony of yellow, russet, brown and orange. A deep peace lies over the land. It's autumn in Wyoming.

When fall makes its colorful assault on the high country, it's a perfect time for just the two of you to enjoy the crisp days, brisk nights, uncrowded accommodations (campgrounds to resorts) . . . unhurried sightseeing in Yellowstone, the Tetons, Devils Tower. Golf, tennis, fishing, boating and more await you at quiet time in Wyoming.

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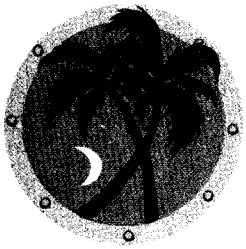

Ports of Recall

by Horace Sutton

CARTAGENA Seventy-four years before the doughty English founded that precarious colony at Jamestown, the Spaniards established this colonial city in the Caribbean. It still reeks of that grand era when gold ships were making the run with Inca gold bound for Cadiz. Slaves were imported from Africa to help build the walls that would keep out pirates, Sir Francis Drake, and the French. At Inquisition Palace the court heard cases of heresy. On a bench in Bolivar Park, surrounded with colonial trappings, one can imagine the past and find some serenity away from the babble of the market where hawkers peddle papayas, oysters, bananas, and serapes.

PUERTO PLATA Cruise passengers aboard ships that put in here on the north coast of the Dominican Republic will find everything a resort might have except the crowds and a large hotel. Puerto Plata—the silver port—is waiting to be discovered. Meanwhile, it has a Robert Trent Jones golf course, some beautiful and empty beaches, a few small hotels, and a scattering of restaurants. The Hotel Castillo, a vintage establishment of 16 rooms, in town, displays a sign declaring "This Ain't the Ritz," an epigram with which no one argues. Still, it serves lobster salad for under $5, leases its rooms for $12 to those who insist on a private bath. A whole bungalow at the Austrian-run Montemar is $30. A double room is $18. Golf course greens fees are $2. Small wonder three cruise ships a week put in here.

HILTON INTERNATIONAL

Hawaiian surfers— "Waiting for the wave."

HONOLULU No airplane landing here could match the oldtime ship arrivals when the Royal Hawaiian Band played on the pier and well-wishers went scurrying aboard, arms draped with leis. The Aloha Tower is still here, still offers ships a heartfelt, if mute, aloha. The towers of Bishop Street, the Wall Street of the Pacific, will be a surprise. Honolulu is a business city; the fun begins upbeach at Waikiki where the outrigger canoes still ride the combers, the surfers wait for the curling wave, and the tourists in outlandish shirts and muumuus (often matching) find their way to Pacific paradise with the aid of a mai-tai, a deep-dish jar of rum with pineapples and orchids that insures the bibber a happy Hawaiian day.

Dubrovnik— "The feistiest fleet afloat."

DUBROVNIK Back in the Sixties, they put a classy airport into this Yugoslav city on the Adriatic, opposite Bari, but there is only one way for romantics to come to town—by sea. This medieval oddity, once a maritime city-state, floated the world's feistiest fleet, next to that of Spain. Thank the Venetians and the Turks for casting threatening gestures that forced Dubrovnik to build wall-to-wall walls, giving it the look of a seaside Carcassonne. Huddled inside are 15th-century palaces, monasteries, and churches. The old stone battlements provide a backdrop for the summer theater festival that lasts until August 25. The M/S *Ambassador* puffs up to Venice with stops en route.

CANNES The starlets and the movie grandees may be gone by the time you get there, but no matter. Walk the Croisette lined with smart shops, bars, and famed hotels—repositories for the Pretty People. Have lunch at a sidewalk café and watch the other strollers. Walk the Rue d'Antibes where all of Cannes comes to shop and spend. Sample provençal cuisine at La Mère Bisson, French-style barbecue at Sam Le Grilleur. Rent a car and ride into the hills to Mougins, a tiny village with 16 restaurants, or follow the trail of Renoir, Picasso, Chagall, Léger, and Matisse who haunt the Riviera hills.

ACAPULCO Long before a road linked it with Mexico City, Acapulco was a favored port for the Spanish fleet that sailed to the Philippines. Historians say that ships from China called here in the 16th century. As playland, Acapulco still claims the best Mexican harbor in the Pacific, attracting cruise ships that let their passengers run free along the Costera, the Great White Way, where they can flop on Morning or Afternoon Beach, patrol the shops, go parasailing along the rim of high-rise hotels, dine on the rooftop of the Paraiso Marriott or on the terrace of Teddy Stauffer's new UBQ, a restaurant and disco. UBQ provides not merely handsome provender, but a view of visiting ships festooned with festive lights, anchored in the same harbor where the galleons once arrived bearing silks, spices, and tales of the Orient.

PORT-AU-PRINCE It takes a ship's tender to make it to dockside in the Haitian capital, but the sailor who puts ashore here is immediately reminded of Haiti's fancy for primitive painting. Scores of canvases are lined up on the wharf on ship days. Once past the outdoor gallery, the visitors invade the Iron Market, a bazaar selling everything from a voodoo rattle to suitcases made of beer cans. For a cool drink in tropical elegance work your way to Habitation Leclerc. For a whiff of Graham Greene, sit at the bar at the storybook Oloffson. For an inhalation of culture, make for the Episcopal Cathedral where the murals are the work of Haiti's most celebrated artists.

HONG KONG Babylon-by-the-sea. Skyscrapers rising like a wall of glass and concrete look down on junks, sampans, warships, ferries crossing continually between Kowloon and Hong Kong Island, ocean-going yachts, freighters at anchor, and hovercraft making the run straight to Whampoa, the port for Canton. Cruise ships tie up now at the Ocean Terminal, a nest of hundreds of shops, restaurants, and nightclubs. If all that isn't enough to occupy one's waking hours, the Terminal is handy to Nathan Road, a boulevard of pearl and jade dealers, shirtmakers, tailors, and noodle cooks. Allow time for an elegant tea in the lobby court of the Peninsula where pastries are profferred by white-gloved waiters and all of Asia, having come to natter, is at your elbow. ◉

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ROYAL VIKING LINE

Spring, 1980 Mediterranean Cruise

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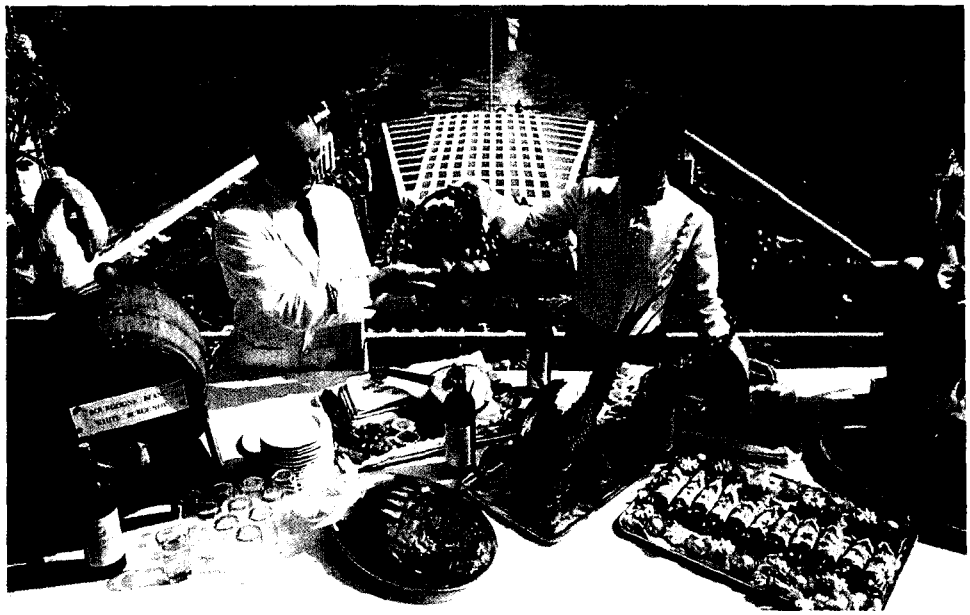
Crossings Aboard a Calorie Express

by Joseph Wechsberg and Peter Rossi



Blue sea banquet— "How can you turn out 3,000 lamb chops in less than one hour?"

By common consent, eating was always the second most important physical activity aboard a French Line ship, perhaps the only important one for some people. Food was the leading topic of conversation, and experienced travelers studied the enormous, beautifully printed menu with great attention, looking for half-hidden opportunities the way true stock market experts study the quotations. On French Line ships the menu was the thing. The tradition went back to the great days of the *Ile de France*, the *Normandie*, the *Liberté*. The incredible *carte* was closer to Carême and Escoffier, who offered their connoisseurs an *embarass des richesses*, than to the more sensible menu of what is now known as *la nouvelle cuisine française*, the last phase so far in the evolution of gastronomy that has been a steady development from riches to rags. In our own time we saw how Fernand Point "simplified" the cooking of Escoffier— "simple" in this context similar to a "simple" evening dress made by the House of Dior. Point had discovered that we are unable to eat the way people ate a hundred years ago. He understood that man's appetite has declined while his taste has become more refined.

Our eyes are greedier than our stomachs. Point's finest dishes had an exquisite texture. They looked deceivingly simple though they were the result of complex work and supreme technique. Compared to the extravaganzas of Carême, now revered as the founder of *la grande cuisine*, and even to the lavish gastronomic symphonies of Escoffier, respected as the great reformer, a meal created by Fernand Point for his beloved Restaurant de la Pyramide, at Vienne (Isère), was a subtle work of art, where the natural flavors were enhanced and nothing was camouflaged. And a generation later the stars of *la nouvelle cuisine*, such as the brilliant Michel Guérard, continue the quest for simplicity, searching for *la nature des choses*, which means inventing, trying out, and testing new techniques.

The French Line's gastronomic tradition was always closer to the rabelaisian concept of overabundance than to the leaner style of the modern cooks that seems to have started the renaissance of French gastronomy, which has been overdue for social reasons and reasons of health. Had the S.S. *France*, last of the French luxury liners, been in service today, the cuisine might have been lighter, even more elegant. Unfortunately, the great liner stopped running just as many serious epicures, especially in France, were getting convinced that a completely new dimension of *la grande cuisine* was needed. The cuisine on the *France* was frankly opulent, in the classical style, and occasionally overpowering. It was conceived on a once-in-a-lifetime principle. For many people a crossing or a cruise remained a unique experience, the fulfillment of a dream. The gastronomic excitement should match that uniqueness. It was taken for granted that most people had never eaten so well before and might never eat as well again, so why not enjoy it and make the most of the few glorious days? It was frankly designed for those who love fine cooking—the more the better.

No one ever wrote a pamphlet on "How to Enjoy French Line Cuisine," that might have been placed in your stateroom as you came aboard. It would have tried to help you find your way through the miraculous landscape of the menu where it was often difficult to discern the epicurean forest through the trees. Reading the menu, emotion would sweep away reason. On the *France* the first-class passenger was confronted by an *embarass des richesses* as early as breakfast. The menu offered a dozen and a half egg dishes, kippers, grilled ham, a small steak, several kinds of coffee—French, American, decaffeinated, Nescafé, espresso—and freshly made croissants, brioches, and, best of all, the delicious *petits pains* that transported you miraculously into the nirvana of living-like-a-god-in-France. Five thousand

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY PETER ROSSI

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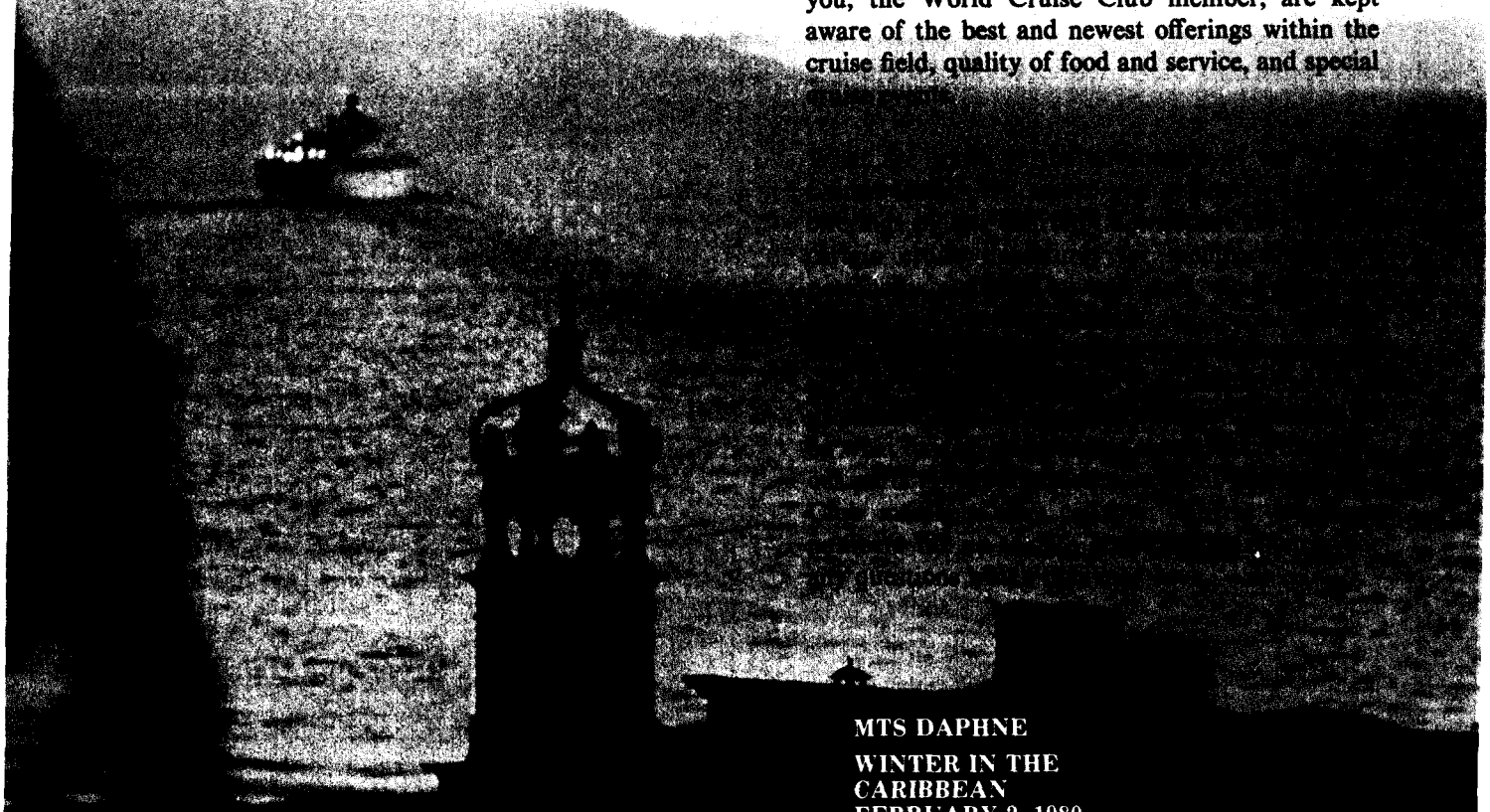

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of them were freshly baked, three times a day, and the incision on top of each was made with a razor, by hand. You put a little *beurre* d'Isigny, the delicately flavored butter from Normandy, on a piece of *petit pain*, and closed your eyes, enjoying the true taste: You were in *la belle France*. The greatest pleasures of eating aboard the *France* were very simple, and very hard to find.

Perhaps the greatest attraction of shipboard gastronomy is the *mystique* that it's all for free. You have, of course, paid for it but that was a long time ago, and you no longer think of it. The absence of prices on a menu has an exhilarating effect even on millionaires who can afford the most expensive food as a matter of daily routine. Such a millionaire, who also happened to be French and a genuine connoisseur, once explained to me that even he wouldn't think of ordering the sort of *déjeuner*—refined and complex and probably quite rich—that he composed for himself on the *France* if he went to a three-star restaurant in France.

"They wouldn't like it," he said. "In the really good places they want you to be happy when you get up from the table. They want you to feel fine the next day. Because they want you to come back. Aboard a luxury liner, there is a different philosophy. Let's be merry for tomorrow.... Well, you know. They will suggest wonderful things. You are tempted. On land you would regretfully decline, thinking of your appointment in the afternoon or of the place you have to be at night, that is 200 kilometers away on the dangerous *autoroute*. Here you have no appointment. You don't have to go elsewhere. All you have to do is order the sort of lunch that will enable you later to order a fine dinner. Also, there is the wonderful knowledge that you may order practically *anything* you want, and they'll do it for you. You don't *have* to do it, it's sufficient to know that you *could*."

Reading and understanding the first-class menu aboard French Line ships demanded considerable gastronomic knowledge. For many passengers it remained an occult science. There was a bewildered look in the eyes of many people as the *garçon* handed them the menu for their first lunch or dinner. Nine different hors d'oeuvres. Caviar, *saumon fumé*, sturgeon, *foie gras*, and something called *terrine de volaille Lucullus*. A clear consommé and at least two other soups. Two egg dishes and omelets. At least two fish dishes. A tempting *spécialité regionale*. Always a roast, always some sort of poultry. Game in season. And, naturally, the last resort for the confused diner, at least two *grillades* that often showed you the complexities of the language and confused the poor passenger even more. The American sirloin steak would have the form of what the French call a *contre-filet double*. The American Châteaubriand, made for at least two persons and weighing 300 grams, was what the French call a *double tournédo*, or, more exactly, *coeur de filet*. But since the waiters had studied both the American and the French terminology, steak enthusiasts would get exactly the steak they wanted, and it would be prepared exactly the way they wanted it, from *saignant* to well done (God forbid). Still, there are fine nuances in American steak terminology, between rare, medium-rare, and medium, while the French who accepted the blessings of steaks from the Americans ask for their steak *à point* — a little pinkish inside.

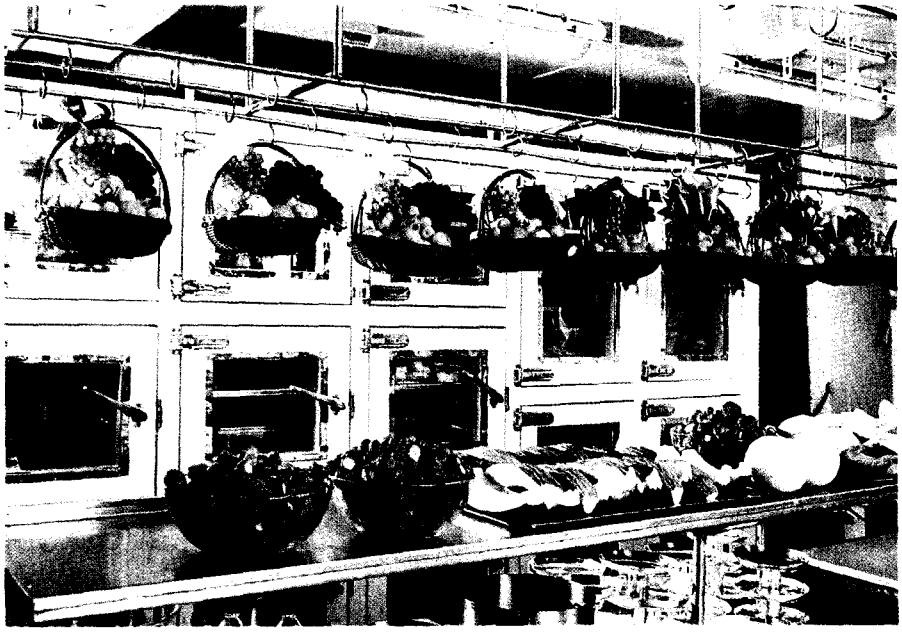
The confusion would be confounded by the elegant fact that the *France* had French steak (from Charolles), American steak, and often there was also English beef. Though the choice might please even sophisticated steak-eaters, there were passengers who complained that the *France* didn't have steak from Tuscany, "though Italian steak is the best." Had the passengers known what the polite, well-educated *garçons* and *maîtres d'hôtel* thought of *that*, they might have kept their mouths shut. Everybody was relieved when *steak au poivre* was on the menu. That, at least, was something they all knew.

To confuse the passengers further, there was often an Italian *pasta* dish on the menu (the French claim that Americans love *pasta* almost as much as Italians, and they might be right) and there was also a rich *buffet froid*, a dozen fine things including four different hams (*Ile de France*, Morvan, Prague, and Virginia), cold roast beef, French *boeuf à la mode* (a great treat), chicken, duck, and tongue. At least three salads. The *plateau des fromages*. Desserts, ice creams, fruit salads, and fresh fruit.

A tantalizing proposition, it stumped many passengers who simply gave up and ordered "steak and french fries," as back home. "To start with," they might have a shrimp cocktail—of course the kitchen could produce a shrimp cocktail—and they would wind up with ice cream. Home, sweet home, but what's the use of leaving it and paying $150 a day, and having steak and french fries?

American travelers, insecure on foreign ground and afraid to show their ignorance, wouldn't ask the captain for help and guidance, which was a mistake. The captains on the *France* who took your order were not like the arrogant, condescending characters in expensive restaurants in New York and San Francisco who had been told by the chef in the kitchen to "push" certain things.

It takes quite a few years to know precisely what to order. The main dish comes first, and then the other courses are gradually put into some kind of harmonious balance. Caviar, with half a lemon; be sure to put a few drops of lemon juice into the mild, mellow Vodka Wyborowa, Poland's contribution to great capitalistic dining. Very warm toast and butter with the caviar, only occasionally in a baked Idaho. Next, a grilled fresh fish that leaves you still moderately hungry for your main dish, one of the chef's great creations such as *filet de boeuf bressane*. Not a "light" dish but a very good one: the beef marinated in Madeira, white wine, and *aromates* for 12 hours, quickly roasted, served with a dreamy sauce made with fresh mushrooms, truffles, olives, pistachio nuts. *Quenelles de volaille* and *pommes noisette* accompanied the dish. Afterwards perhaps just a tiny slice of Brie, if



Fruit baskets in the galley of the France— *"Most people had never eaten so well before."*

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the Brie was right. With the correct wines, you had dined and wined like a king, and tomorrow you might be able to eat again.

Henri Le Huédé, the great *chef des cuisines* aboard the *France*, was pleased when people said his restaurant belonged to the great gastronomic temples of France, but he felt that the *France* should not be compared with them. Madame Point's magnificent Pyramide in Vienne rarely serves more than 60 people, and the most prominent disciples of the School of Point—Paul Bocuse, the Troisgros brothers, Alain Chapel—serve not many more. At the Tour d'Argent in Paris they might serve 150, but Claude Terrail admits that may be a strain. Contrarily, the kitchens of the *France* might have served 1,000 passengers on an Atlantic crossing, three times a day, as well as 1,100 crew members. On cruises when the *France* became all first-class, M. Le Huédé was asked to provide gastronomic miracles in the Chambord and Versailles dining rooms, for 1,400 people.

The very size of the enterprise was out of proportion, compared to the terrestrial temples of gastronomy, and so was the organization and philosophy.

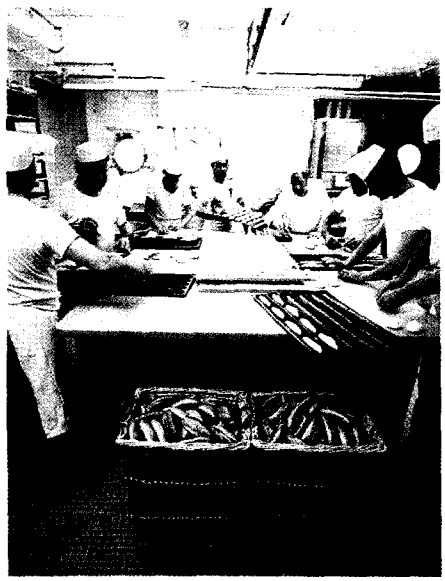
"We had well-known French chefs here," Le Huédé once told me. "They had been successful in great restaurants in France but were completely lost on the *France*, unable to cope with the problems of maritime gastronomy." Every good kitchen is a masterpiece of organization and teamwork, but the kitchens of the *France* were organized almost like an automobile factory. Various things were done at various stations, and at some point everything was put together. But the food never tasted as though it had come off an assembly line.

M. Le Huédé achieved the impossible with the help of 180 cooks and helpers in his kitchens and with a network of buyers, administrators, bakers, butchers, confectioners, and other experts who were not strictly in the kitchens. Practically every cook was a specialist. There were *sous-chefs,* hors d'oeuvre experts, *potagiers, poissoniers, grilladiers* (grill cooks), *sauciers,* vegetable cooks, *pâtissiers*. There were also *tournants* (who were shifted around where they might be needed), *buffet froid* artists (providing magnificent buffets on the decks at noon and midnight, especially on cruises), special night cooks, breakfast cooks, special cooks for the crew. And there were the *plongeurs* (dishwashers) respected by Le Huédé.

These men helped Le Huédé to produce quality—in spite of quantity—and quite often great cooking. They had found solutions for problems that don't exist in great restaurants on land. How can you turn out 3,000 lamb chops in less than an hour? Since each order for steak was a special one, M. Le Huédé invented a code system, using the arrangement of watercress and *pommes frites* in such a way that the waiters would be able to distinguish between medium, *à point,* and medium rare.

Every day M. Le Huédé would design four different menus when the *France* was on a regular crossing: first-class, tourist, officers, crew, and there were special menus for children and even for pampered dogs. His job was mostly logistics, strategy, and intuition.

To make life even more difficult for himself, M. Le Huédé once in a while tried what no other maritime chef had done before. On one crossing he put *cailles* (quails) Souvarof, a complicated *grande cuisine* dish, on the menu. "Escoffier would have done it for 30 or 40



Baking at sea— "Transported to nirvana."

people," he said. "I took a chance. We served almost 500. But I don't think we'll do it again. It was a *tour de force.* Too risky."

M. Le Huédé called the cooking aboard the *France "classique."* Occasionally, a little *fantaisie* might be added, but basically he followed the school of the great *maîtres*. He had no use for what he called "experiments" and he disliked the "pyrotechnical" cuisine. There was nothing he could do about the crêpes Suzettes which have been a dining room institution for generations and enhanced the ego of captains, and possibly got them special tips. Many *maîtres de rang* (captains), who were former waiters, loved to prepare flaming dishes in the dining room, from steak Diane to cherries jubilee, possibly because they knew that the hardworking cooks get no glory. A not-so-hard-working captain who makes an impressive show of crêpes Suzettes, gets much admiration from the passengers. M. Le Huédé knew this very well and couldn't change it, but at least he made sure that the crêpes were fresh.

Henri Le Huédé is already remembered as one of the French Line's legendary chefs. Owing to the exalted standards of the French Line's maritime gastronomy, the *chef des cuisines* was always considered one of the ship's star performers. In the opinion of passengers who traveled on a Transat boat for culinary reasons, the *chef* even outranked his top superior, the captain. The captain ran the ship, they would say, with the help of his crew and all these fancy machines, but could he make the *medaillon de turbot "France"* or the *gourmandines de veau au gratin*?

Elderly Transat hands remember the names of the French Line's celebrated *chefs* as opera lovers remember the immortal tenors since Caruso and Gigli. There was the legendary Lindauer who "launched" the *Ile de France* in 1927, there was Papion, and Grangier who "launched" the *France.* And, above all, there was the unforgotten, formidable Gaston Magrin, an emperor in the kitchens whose temperament was almost as famous as his culinary achievements.

During a trip on the "new" *Ile de France* in 1949, Monsieur Magrin was the *chef.* His renown was great on all the ships of the French Line since he had "launched" the *Normandie* in 1935, and he was famous in the great restaurants of France. Everybody aboard, including the captain and a high-ranking official of the French Line, was a little frightened of Magrin. He was Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur and had been decorated with the Mérité Maritime. In the kitchens of the *Normandie* he had had 243 men, including 84 "white coats" (cooks who had served their apprenticeship and ran their own stations) under him. He was the greatest chef afloat, and he knew it. It was an accepted fact of maritime life that the senior chef of the French Line outranked the senior chef of any other line. Logically, since French cuisine outranks other nations'.

To arrange a meeting with M. Magrin produced consternation in high circles. One doesn't see the *chef.* He might receive you and grant you an audience if he felt like it. Most of the seamen and stewards on Transat ships were Bretons and Normans but the kitchens always had prominent cooks from the east of France. Lindauer had been Alsatian, and Magrin came from Malbuisson, in Franche-Comte, the old "free county" border region near Switzerland. After working as an apprentice and then as a chef in various Paris restaurants, he joined the French Line in 1922. He was Lindauer's assistant on the maiden voyage of the *Ile,* five years later, and when the *Normandie* was being built, there was never any doubt that he would be in charge of the kitchen empire.

M. Magrin received interviewers

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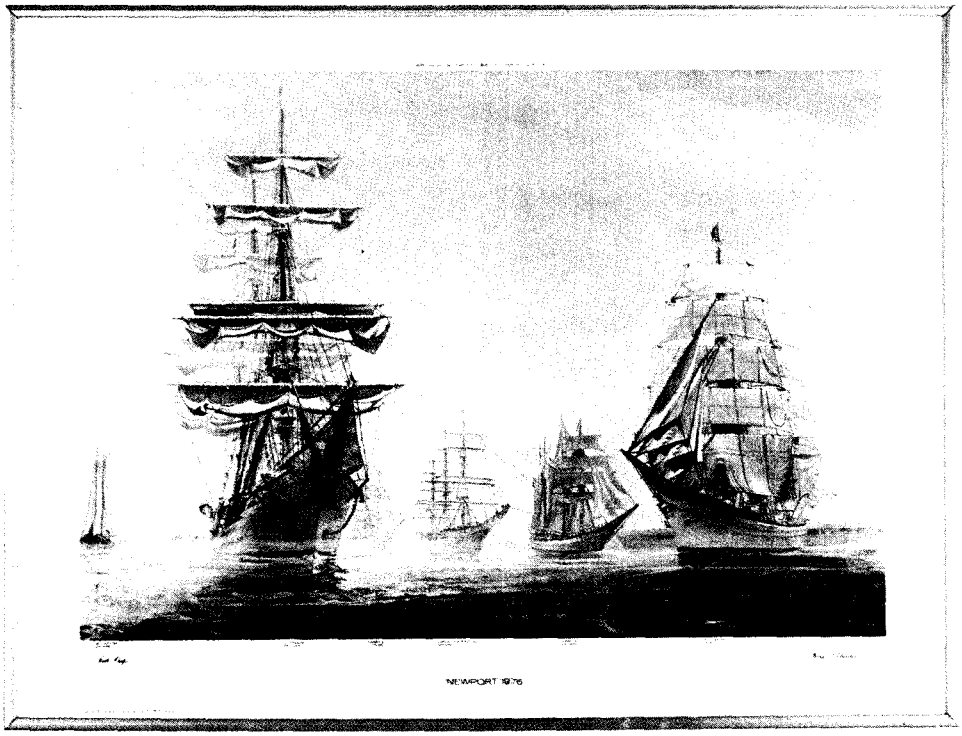

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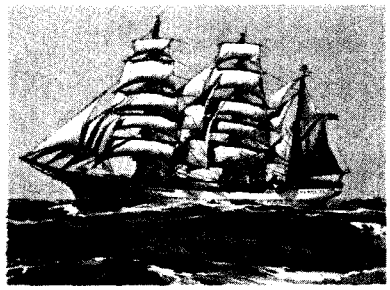

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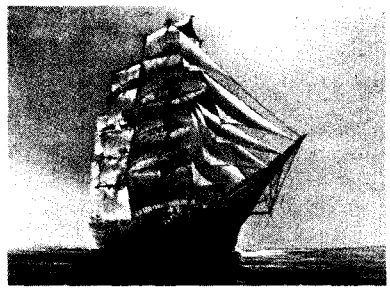

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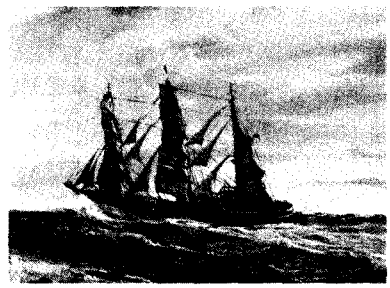

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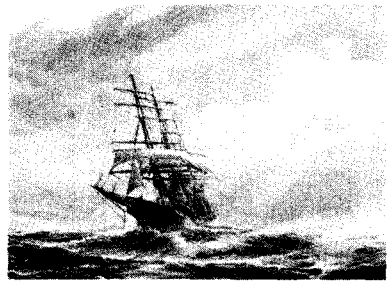

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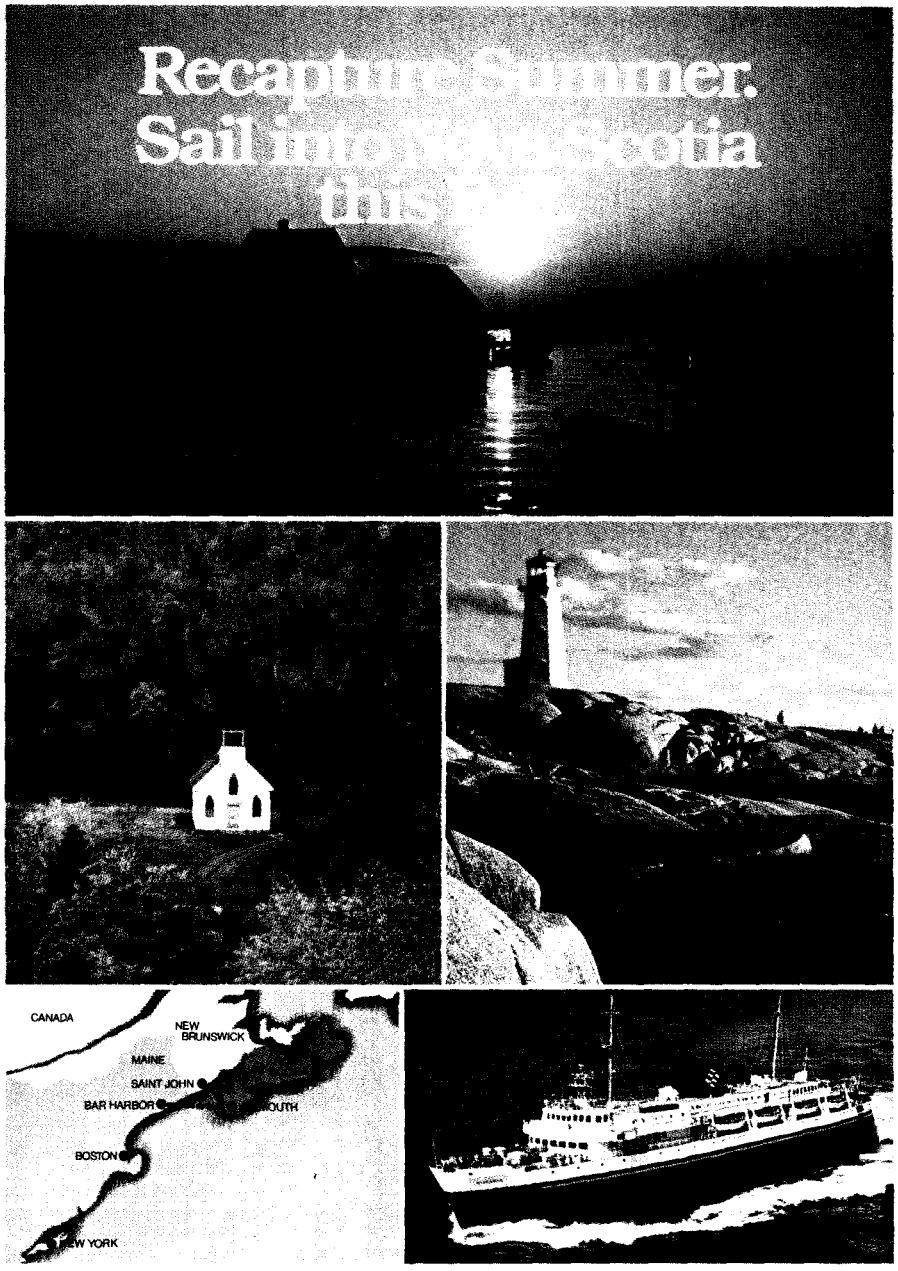

The crowds have gone, but summer lingers on, mellowing into warm, golden days and clear, crisp nights. Nova Scotia becomes softer, ripe with the colours of autumn, even the sea seems more tranquil. This fall, you can find this special second summer in Nova Scotia. And better still, enjoy a relaxing sea voyage while getting there. Both the handsome Bluenose* from Maine and the sleek Princess of Acadia* from New Brunswick provide sea-going short-cuts that'll save you hours of tedious driving and get you to all that's beautiful in Nova Scotia quicker. Both auto ferries are very popular so please remember to make the necessary reservations.

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standing by the sauce department. He was a formidable figure, almost as broad as he was tall, with a small mustache and twinkling eyes. M. Magrin didn't speak; he expressed himself in statements, often lofty ones. "Magrin," our revered colleague A.J. Liebling once wrote, "thinks of the hull of a ship as a thin crust surrounding the kitchen and dining rooms, like the outside of a *vol-au-vent.*" He had his own atlas of the world where certain ports were important only for the fine things to eat you could buy there. Marseilles had the *loup de mer,* New York had blue-point oysters, Le Havre had the best butter, Southampton had the channel sole, and so on. He also remembered Mombasa (now in Kenya), where he had once bought fine young turkeys, when the *Ile de France* had stopped there during the war, carrying troops home from India.

M. Magrin's scale of personal appreciation was also somewhat unorthodox. The ship was a *vol-au-vent,* and the commandant should make sure that the liner does not cross a zone of bad weather at dinner time. It was also said aboard that Magrin "doesn't bother about a collision with an iceberg as long as it doesn't cause his *soufflé* to collapse," which was really a compliment because it proved the chef's dedication to his cause. He was tolerant of the passengers whom he considered his public. "An artist needs an audience," he said.

One passenger many years later, who had been aboard not just a French Line transatlantic crossing, but a cruise-as-never-before on the *France,* summed it all up. "There were two truly wonderful moments for most passengers. The first when we left, full of anticipation and excitement; the second, when we went ashore for the last time knowing it was all over."

Goethe, whose wisdom is more often quoted in Germany than is the Bible, had known it, naturally, when he wrote,

Alles in der Welt lässt sich ertragen
Nur nicht eine Reihe von schönen Tagen.

That means, freely translated, "Everything on earth can be endured. Except too many beautiful days." Once again Goethe was right.

© 1979 by Joseph Wechsberg and Peter Rossi.

Joseph Wechsberg, who lives in Vienna, writes often on food, travel, and memories of life in Europe. Peter Rossi spent all his working life with the French Line. Their joint effort is from a book in work about the Line.

Redesigned by Angelo Donghia, and flying the ensign of Norwegian Caribbean Lines, the *France* will cruise West Indian waters starting early next year.

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The Admiralty of Shipboard Fun

by Richard F. Shepard

They are dancing to Peter Duchin's orchestra on the *Volendam* and Mel Torme is singing. Henny Youngman is jettisoning one-liners aboard a Cunarder. Myron Cohen is readying a cargo of precious old stories for shipment on a Dutch liner. Morley Meredith of the Metropolitan Opera and David Rae Smith of the New York City Opera are raising their voices to enchant the passengers aboard a Norwegian America Line cruise ship. There is disco on the *Oceanic* and the Florida d.j.'s are making more revs than the liner's own powerful screws can generate.

Bob Hope can't make it this time around, but Bill Cosby has several times. The ancient yen to ship out, to run off to sea has infected all strata of show biz. Entertainers are in demand and each ship must be custom-packaged, down to her Plimsolls in comics, dancers, singers, social directors, hypnotists, magicians, you name it, to smooth what could be waves of tedium or disaffection caused by the bringing together of large numbers of people and enclosing them in a steel hull.

It is a business that calls for careful planning, stratagems designed for modern fleets rather than swashbuckling chance encounters that characterized the trade in years past when friends and relatives were first on call to sail free under the guise of being the ship's entertainment. Today's crews of entertainers are professionals, paid (not as much as they might be ashore, but there are perks) and carefully chosen.

One of the main admiralties of shipboard fun is on the fourteenth floor of 1440 Broadway, in New York City, where the Bramson Entertainment Bureau makes its headquarters, where computers silently conjure up experts available and suitable for a berth from a roster of 2,000 names. Ephraim Abramson, who took over the company from his father, Nathan, and, partly because he was an electrical engineer and knew about such things, converted it in 20 years from old card indexes to a highly sophisticated computer operation that he not only plugs into at his office but at his home or in Panama or any place else in the world where there is a telephone. This uncommon ability to spot the right talent for the right job in minutes is more uncanny legerdemain even than the skill of the magicians whose names pop up on the little computer screen.

"We are leaders in what we call the maritime leisure industry," said Mr. Abramson as he sat down in his commodious office and demonstrated the electronic wizardry that is the heart of the business. He punched a button and the screen came to life with a list of a dozen categories: comedian, singer (male and female), novelty act, instrumentalist, cruise staff (male and female), dance team and dancer, cruise directors, musicians and conductors, pianist/violinist, agents and managers.

In moments he had requested the name of a female singer, who, he further specified in a procedure not unlike the game of 20 Questions, should live on the East Coast, was not necessarily single, and spoke French. After a short time of minor and desultory haggling and modifications, the computer came up with the names of eight qualified singers.

The screen produced her particulars—social security number, telephone number, and experience with the eight companies for which Bramson works: Carras, Cunard, Delta Queen, Holland America, Home Lines, Norwegian

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America, Paquet, and Sitmar. It was a revelatory experience to watch the computer do what a score of casting directors used to do after days of hit or miss.

"Not only do we have all this with the computer, but we have a means of rating the personnel we supply," said Mr. Abramson, who does all this with a headquarters staff of only seven, including his son, James. "We get reports from the ships how the people performed and we keep a record that after a certain time can be read on a graph."

Mr. Abramson, who is an enthusiast, explained, "No longer are the cruisers used by an entertainer as a means to take a vacation. It is now an enjoyable job. The entertainer must be geared to entertain the particular audience.

"I could put a show together for a ship sailing from one port and it could be a great success. If I put the same show aboard another ship from a different port, it would be a flop. We must know the theme of the cruise—every cruise has a theme, whether nostalgia or whatever—and we must know the ages of the passengers and whether they are from the midwest or New York or wherever."

There is an infinite variety of cruises that needs an infinite variety of entertainers to spend two hours before the mast several times a week. Home Lines, with its *Oceanic* and *Doric*, does not sail with big names on the manifest, but its ships carry a good package that might wrap up such numbers as a continental revue, a dance band, separate American novelty acts, including a dance team, an instrumentalist, and vocalists of both sexes and all ranges. Magicians are popular, but they are being upstaged by hypnotists and other mind-acts that are less frequently seen on television than the rabbit-in-the-hat fellows. The Norwegian liners also book a basic variety show, but once in a while they also ship an opera singer.

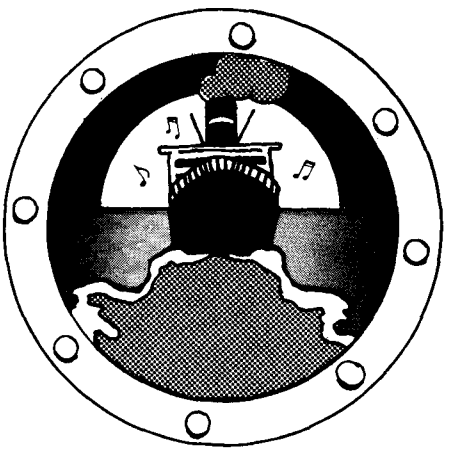
"It's a far cry from the Catskills," said James Abramson. "Performers are put aboard as passengers and they get passenger cabins. On some ships, such as the Cunarders, they sign ship's articles but they have passenger status. They perform perhaps two times a week. On a round-the-world cruise, an 80- to a 100-day sail by the *Queen Elizabeth II* or the *Sagafjord*, relays of entertainers are flown back and forth to cruise ports to board the ships. They do two shows and we bring them back. That means replacements every 10 to 14 days."

On seven-day cruises, the orientation is more to the young. Bramson has been staffing a disco aboard the *Oceanic* and it is the last place to close down when the ship goes to sleep; it not only keeps the people jumping but it also keeps the bar open late, paying its way.

The Bramson people find talent in the same way that agencies find talent. They know many people and there are many who are eager for an introduction. In the office of Abramson *père* there is a large grand piano where hopefuls audition. If they please the human eye and ear they will be inscribed on the electronic brain for future assignments.

Bramson not only deals in people; it has developed Angus, a capriciously named automatic audiovisual lecturer that speaks and projects pictures at the same time. The subjects deal with the Louvre, the Hermitage, the Tate, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the art of Amsterdam and of Crete, the French Riviera, Venice, Florence, and Naples. There is one that tells you about King Tut at the Egyptian Museum in Cairo and another that sings the glories of the National Museum of Anthropology in Mexico City. Angus is also programmed as a guide book for upcoming ports.

The Bramson style has paid off in emergency situations. One such crisis, the sudden need to replace a dance team on a ship in Madeira, brought the equivalent of a leisure-trade SOS to 1440 Broadway. Dance teams, those of the ballroom type, are harder to find these days than they were yesteryear when Yolanda and Veloz were the rage of the Roxy. They are phasing out, as James Abramson puts it, only in demand by folk whose sun in over the yardarm. But the point is that Bramson, using its computers, immediately ran down a dance team and had them winging off to



Funchal before the passengers had time to notice the emergency and panic.

There is one category of act that does not get to sea very often: animals. Too many health and customs rules.

"Sometimes, our magicians try to sneak their doves past Customs, hiding them in their clothes, as they do during their act," said James Abramson. "But they don't always get away with it."

He did not say how the hypnotists do when they work their way through Customs, but that's another story.

Richard F. Shepard is a cultural news reporter for the New York Times.

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The Love Boat Love-In

by Frank Riley

The graceful white ship drifting northward through the inland passage during the last week in May wasn't just another cruise ship launching a new season in Alaska.

This particular cruise ship had two sets of officers aboard, from captain to cruise director. This would be a working cruise ship as well as one dedicated to the pampering of passengers. Both sets of officers would work equally hard, each in its own way.

So it always is when the *Island Princess* and its twin sister ship, the *Pacific Princess*, become love boats while continuing to function as cruise ships for Princess Cruises.

On this first Alaskan cruise of the 1979 summer season, the *Island Princess* had been designated to serve as a real-life set for filming exteriors and location scenes to be part of the sequences which, in September, will launch the third year of ABC's top-rated Saturday night television series, *The Love Boat*.

For six weeks during the coming winter/spring cruise season along the Mexican Riviera, the *Island Princess* and/or the *Pacific Princess* will be used in film sequences for as many as eight or 10 different story segments. The format of *The Love Boat* has built-in production complexities that require computerized logistics. Three separate stories thread their way through each one-hour Saturday night show. Twenty-six one-hour shows add up to an incredible 78 different story lines. Casts and production units are shuttled off and on *Princess* ships at places like Mazatlan and Puerto Vallarta with a precision that would have been envied by commanders of the Normandy invasion.

Yet all the while the two *Princess* ships must continue to carry out their primary function as cruise ships, without disturbing passengers who may not want to have anything to do with the filming activities. On the basis of the past two years, however, most passengers will opt to be involved. Enthusiastically. One call this spring for 25 extras to appear for the early-morning shooting of a champagne party scene brought out 200 passengers who appeared as requested in black ties and evening gowns at 8 AM. It's one thing to inflict your cruise slides on family and friends back home, but quite another to appear in living color on TV.

The net effect of all this has to be a *Love Boat* love-in for the entire cruise industry. Even discounting the simplistic cultism of TV ratings, the numbers of *Love Boat* viewers on any given Saturday between 9 and 10 PM, and the potential numbers of cruise-ship converts among them, border on the astronomical. With ratings often from 28 to 33, compared to 9s and 11s for competitive network offerings in the same time slot, the ABC series draws from 30 million to 40 million viewers in the U.S. alone.

After two successful seasons, the full impact of *The Love Boat* on cruising has yet to be measured. The TV series hit the screens just as cruising itself was taking off into a new era of close to 100 percent bookings. Princess Cruises hit that magic figure in 1978. But for the preceding dozen years, the line, founded by Seattle industrialist Stanley McDonald in 1965, had been averaging close to 90 percent year round.

"Everything was right for cruising to take off," says Max Hall, an executive of Princess Cruises. "In an era characterized both by inflation and increasing inner tensions, the appeal of any cruise ship offering total relaxation at a fixed price is not easy to beat. My feeling is that *The Love Boat* might have put us into 100 percent occupancy a year or so ahead of the time we would have reached it anyway."

The real payoff may be during the coming decade. After its prime-time days are over, *The Love Boat*, in syndication and in re-runs, is expected to be on TV screens for the next 10 years. The cruise ship love-in is bound to embrace new converts every winter when people who will have to shovel snow from their walks see other folk just like themselves

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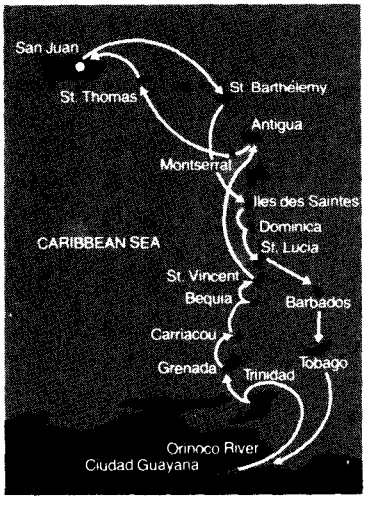

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sunning on the deck as the love boat leaves a wake on an azure sea.

All of this must have been but dimly seen when TV producer Doug Cramer, who was responsible for *Love American Style*, listened to his hunch and bought the TV rights to *The Love Boats*, a novel by Jeraldine Saunders, who had learned about love and boats as a cruise hostess. Eventually, he sat down to talk with Max Hall. Tough pre-conditions to filming a TV series aboard a *Princess* ship were imposed; Hall still nursed some hurts from the unkept promises of previous TV and film tie-ups. *The Love Boat*, however, became an instant love-in.

"We've never had a problem," Hall says. "The stars work hard all day, then mingle with the passengers, pose for pictures for hometown newspapers, and sign autographs until midnight."

An important pre-condition required primary consideration for the passengers who were sailing on filming cruises. Lighting cables are laid in out-of-the-way places and taped to the deck. Passengers are advised which parts of the lounge or deck areas will be used the next day. To minimize interference with shipboard life, duplicate lounge and deck sets have been created at the cost of more than $1 million on two sound stages at 20th Century-Fox Studios. Travel agents are given the dates of all the filming cruises, so that their clients can decide whether to *Love Boat* or not to *Love Boat*. Predictably, the filming cruises fill up first.

Passengers soon discover that they are needed as bit players or extras. Even with a budget of about $400,000 per show, the series couldn't afford all those real-life extras, ready to switch with joyful alacrity from bikinis to evening dress. Passengers quickly come to perceive themselves as show-biz kin with Captain Stubing (Gavin MacLeod), Doc (Bernie Kopell), Isaac (Ted Lange), Gopher (Fred Grandy), and Julie (Lauren Tewes); also with such guest stars as Raymond Burr, Pearl Bailey, Steve Allen, Eleanor Parker, and Ray Milland. Cruise passengers hang on the rails as their favorites are shuttled aboard or ashore at ports of call.

But what of all the dramatic liberties inevitably taken by a score of scriptwriters? That ensign doesn't usually fly at sea, does it? No, but a shot of the wake looks better with an ensign fluttering in the breeze. Could a romance between a ship's officer and a passenger really happen? "Well," bearded and British-born Captain John Crichton of the *Pacific Princess* answers gravely, "not more than once a voyage." He met his wife aboard what must have been a love boat.

Frank Riley is the travel editor of Los Angeles *Magazine and a syndicated columnist for the Los Angeles Times.*

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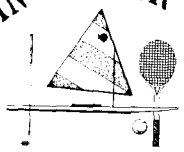

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LOOKOUTS

Over two years late, this blockbuster will hit the theaters, though Coppola's plans for its profitability may have misfired.

Apocalypse Finally

Colossal! Stupendous!

The traditional hyperbole of Hollywood will be strained to bursting this month with the arrival of Francis Coppola's *Apocalypse Now* (United Artists), easily the most ballyhooed, media-hyped film in years. The director's epic drama of the Vietnam War, starring Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall, and Martin Sheen, has suffered through an equally tumultuous epic of financial disaster, bad publicity, natural calamities, and personal and professional dilemmas among the cast members. The film, much of it shot in the Philippines in 1976, was originally budgeted at $12 million, with a shooting schedule of four months and a projected release date of April 7, 1977. Unfortunately, an unbilled appearance by Typhoon Olga, annihilating more than half of the elaborately constructed sets, played havoc with Coppola's plans.

Best known for his two *Godfather* movies, Coppola could teach the Corleone family a thing or two about going for broke. To rescue his film from limbo, he offered his entire estate ($18 million) as collateral, then boldly risked an unfinished print in the deadly competition at the Cannes Film Festival. The gamble paid off with a golden palm (which he shared for first prize), though the movie may need a golden fleece to recoup its costs, estimated by some at $40 million and by Coppola at $30.5 million. Few war films, if any, have made this kind of direct hit on the box office.

Written by Coppola and John Milius, the movie is based on Joseph Conrad's 1902 novella *Heart of Darkness*, and transplants the African story to Vietnam. It remains to be seen whether the film is artistically commensurate with its source or only an expensive, technically brilliant effort that, like Conrad's Mister Kurtz, will prove to be "hollow at the core."

A detail of Robert Arneson's Five Splat *(1976).*

Men (and Women) of Clay

Those who regard ceramics as a poor relation of the fine arts would do well to investigate a newly mounted exhibition, *A Century of Ceramics in the United States, 1878–1978*, organized by the Everson Museum of Art, Syracuse, New York. Including 400 works by 160 artists, it is the most extensive display of its kind ever assembled.

In keeping with our national mythology, *A Century of Ceramics* proves to be an old-fashioned success story. Our home-grown ceramists, initially servile imitators of European models, progressed from a hopelessly derivative, unsophisticated showing at the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876 to the respectable achievements of Adelaide Robineau, whose strikingly original "thousand hour vase" (Scarab Vase) of 1910 is one of the best-known works in the exhibition; and on to the conquest of the field by ceramists like the eclectic revolutionary Peter Voulkos in the Fifties and the satirical "Funk" artist Robert Arneson in the Sixties and Seventies.

A Century of Ceramics will remain at the Everson until September 23, then move on to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C. (November 8 to January 27), and the Cooper Hewitt Museum in New York City (April 8 to May 25), among other places.

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For the Record

New piano recordings from the great Artur Rubinstein are hardly to be expected any more (he was 92 on his most recent birthday). But there are still unreleased items which are as good as "new" and twice as desirable, since they come from the time of his greatest achievements.

Releases of old recordings by Rubinstein are as good as "new."

Of particular interest are two cornerstones of the piano literature, never before heard in recorded form from him: the Bach-Busoni *Chaconne* and César Franck's *Prelude, Chorale and Fugue* (RCA). Both date from 1970, and each is resonant with under- as well as overtones. In the Bach, resonance comes from the violinistic art of the great string players with whom he collaborated; in the Franck, it comes from the sense of an organic conception of all the great Belgian's keyboard works. The A minor Rondo (K.511) of Mozart, previously issued, completes the disc.

Nothing in either American production I have seen of Dmitri Shostakovich's *Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk* (either the original one conducted by Artur Rodzinski or the more recent revival led by Julius Rudel) prepared me for the vitality, energy, and tragic force it has in this first recording ever. This *Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk* (Angel) is directed by Mstislav Rostropovich with his wife, Galina Vishnevskaya, in the title role of the Lady, Katerina Ismailova.

Here, under Rostropovich's inspiring direction of a work by his close friend, the emphasis is less on the sexual adventures of Ismailova and her lover Sergey (superlatively performed by Nicolai Gedda) than with the underlying factors of a loveless marriage. This, in return, results in the slaughter of her father-in-law, then of her husband. Robert Tear, Werner Krenn, and Birgit Finnilä are others who contribute to Rostropovich's noble work on behalf of Shostakovich.

Take note of one of the great recordings of this or any recent year: Jon Vickers's masterly characterization of Benjamin Britten's *Peter Grimes* (Philips), blessedly recorded while he is still in prime vocal condition. And the listener is twice blessed that the conductor is Colin Davis, whose association with Vickers in this role began 10 years ago at the Metropolitan and has since flourished.

Admirers of the original recording directed by Britten will miss, here and there, touches of poetry that the present conductor does not provide—who could?—but Davis lifts the score to heights of tonal fulfillment even the composer could not match. Heather Harper is the ideal Ellen Orford, on a tonal and dramatic scale equal to Vickers's powerful, lonely, and foredoomed Grimes, and Jonathan Summers is a strong, secure Balastrode. The standard of enunciation is extremely good, from the opening "trial" to Vickers's own sorrowful self-judgment at the end. **—I.K.**

Doctor Shopping

The consumer movement has reached a new plateau with John Pekkanen's *The Best Doctors in the U.S.* (Seaview). This handbook makes it almost as easy to shop for doctors as for stereos, throw rugs, or eggplants. Shrewdly, Pekkanen relies on a statistical sampling of more than 500 members of the medical fraternity itself to formulate his criteria and to determine which physicians and hospitals offer the best treatment and which may be hazardous to your health.

Keeping his methodology uncomplicated, Pekkanen simply asked each doctor: "If you or a member of your family were ill with a problem in your own specialty, who would you go to for treatment?" The result is a virtual Yellow Pages of the American medical elite. As doctors see it, evidently the hand of a woman and the heart of a lion are less important than a physician's academic and professional credentials. Many of the doctors also claim that compassion and sensitivity are essential to their calling and that high fees are not. Merely a desire for a flattering image, or are there more Marcus Welbys around than we thought?

The Who has prepared a banquet of performances for its fans.

"The Who" Goes There

Fans of The Who, the innovative British rock group, are habitually famished for the work of their idols, fed as they are by only the most infrequent records and concerts. Now a three-course banquet has been spread before them: *The Kids Are Alright*, a documentary about the group, was released in June; *Quadrophenia*, a film about English street gangs for which The Who supplied the music (mostly taken from their 1973 album of the same name) is scheduled for release in the fall; and most dramatically, the group will give its first American concert in three years in New York City, September 13 to 18, at Madison Square Garden, with a U.S. tour promised for late 1979.

This explosion of activity may signal the end of the creative paralysis induced by the death of The Who's celebrated drummer, Keith Moon, who died last September of a drug overdose. Furthermore, the group's legendary squabbles have been at least temporarily halted by the emergence of lead singer Roger Daltrey as peacemaker. Kenney Jones has replaced Moon, but it is clearly Daltrey, bassist John Entwistle, and guitarist Pete Townshend who will continue to give the band its artistic direction.

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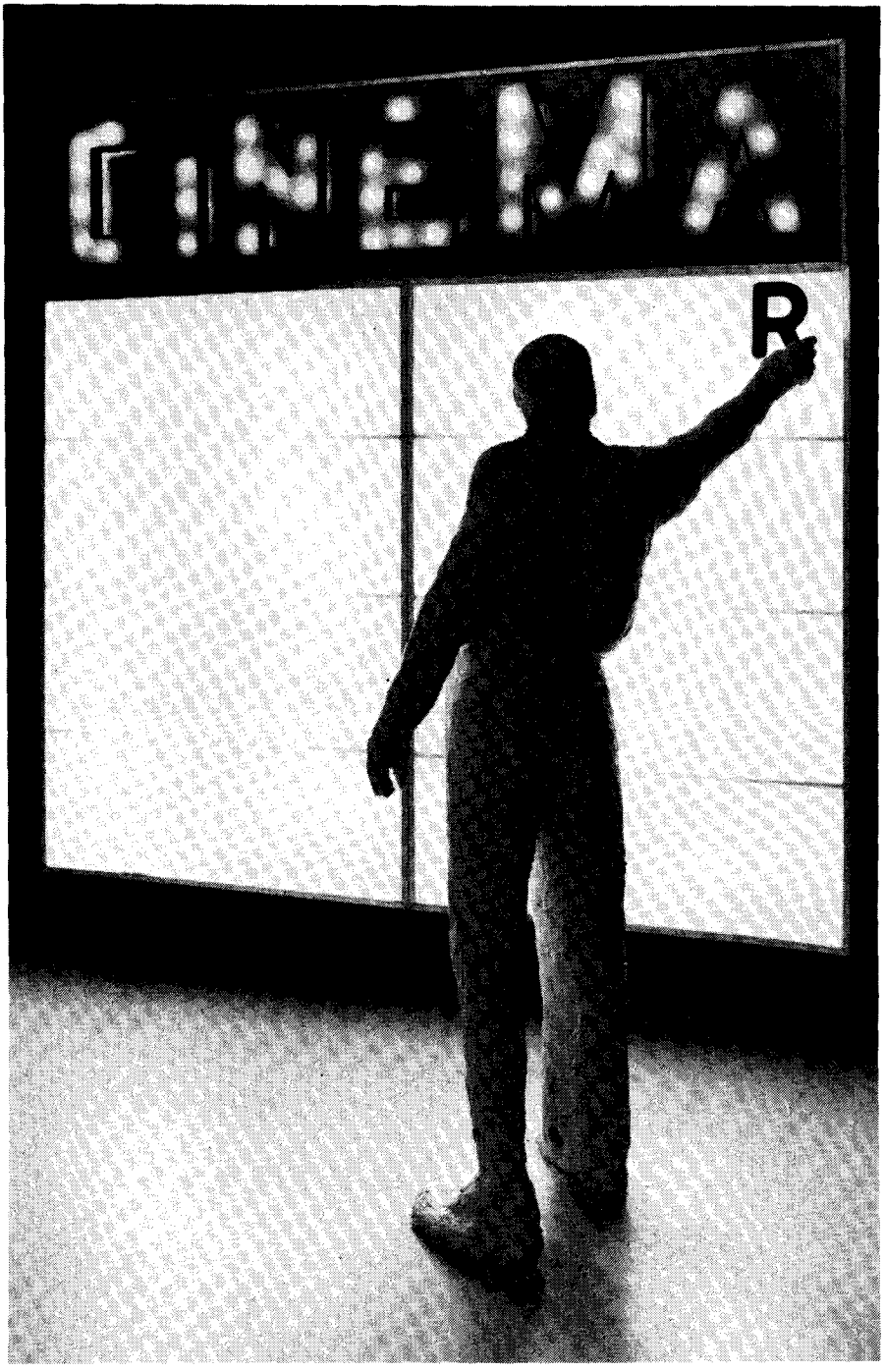
SEGAL'S PLASTER OF REALITY

by Vicki Goldberg

WHEN I FIRST saw George Segal's 20-year retrospective it was only half set up. Plaster men in walking poses lay stiffly on their backs, pale women advanced blindly toward blank walls, and all around them in disarray stood pieces of our manufactured support system: traffic lights, neon signs, and door frames, detached from any context. A spooky scene, as if the world were unaccountably off kilter. Nudes cast on someone's body and public buses sawn in half—everything bore the impress of the world as clear as a fingerprint, yet once removed.

When the show opened (at the Whitney Museum in New York through September 9, previously at the Walker Art Center and the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art), it was spooky still. That Segal always manages to discomfit us a bit is part of his power. We know real people were trapped for a time in those plaster shells. Something of their presence clings to their forlorn stances; they become, as Meyer Schapiro put it in a recent film about Segal, "phantoms in three dimensions." In the last century Rodin went to court to swear that he had not merely cast a figure of his model; what skill was involved in reproducing an unidealized body? Segal takes pains to leave the marks of the sculptor's process—lumps and drips and webs of gauze—to remind us he's been tampering. What we see is an impure reality, adulterated by art.

He slips his pale and stymied figures into settings borrowed from real gas stations, garages, diners with stools and counters and coffee urns. When he adds as backdrop a large red rectangle, as blank and uninflected as a stretch of canvas by Ellsworth Kelly, the cheap restaurant equipment threatens to go formal on us, to lapse into beauty. Colored walls look suspiciously like Rothkos. The grid, that staple of modern art and manufacture, turns up over and over, in bus stop, butcher shop, scaffold, movie marquee, as if the eye of Mondrian had reclaimed these places from their banality. Segal likes



In Cinema *(1963), Segal has slipped his pale figure into a setting borrowed from life.*

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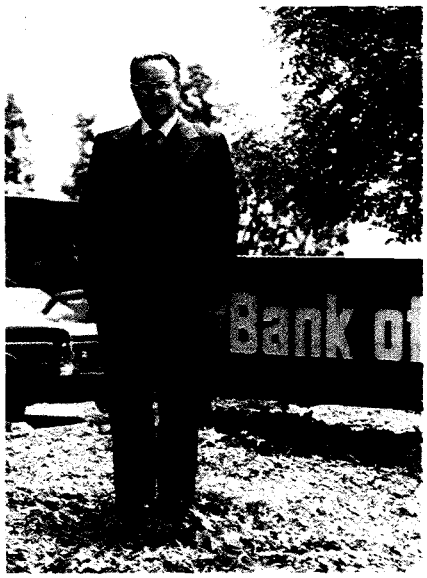

Gene Aldrich, Vice President, Bank of Irvine

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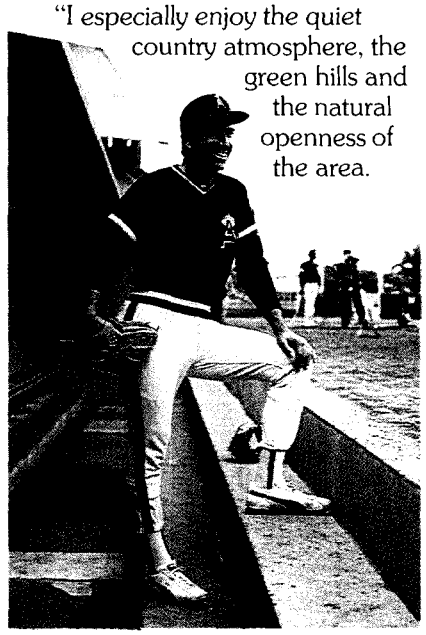

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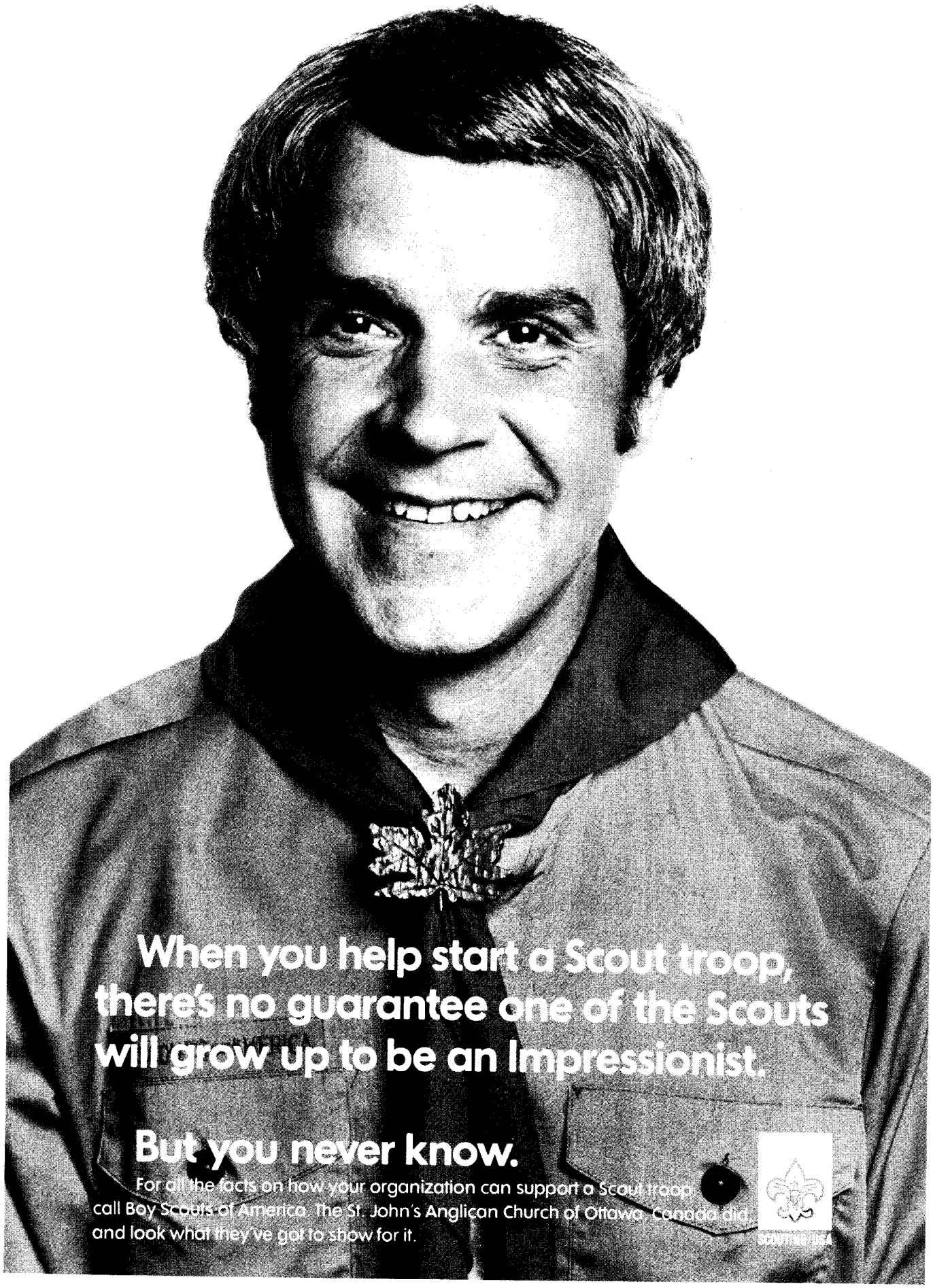
When you help start a Scout troop, there's no guarantee one of the Scouts will grow up to be an Impressionist.
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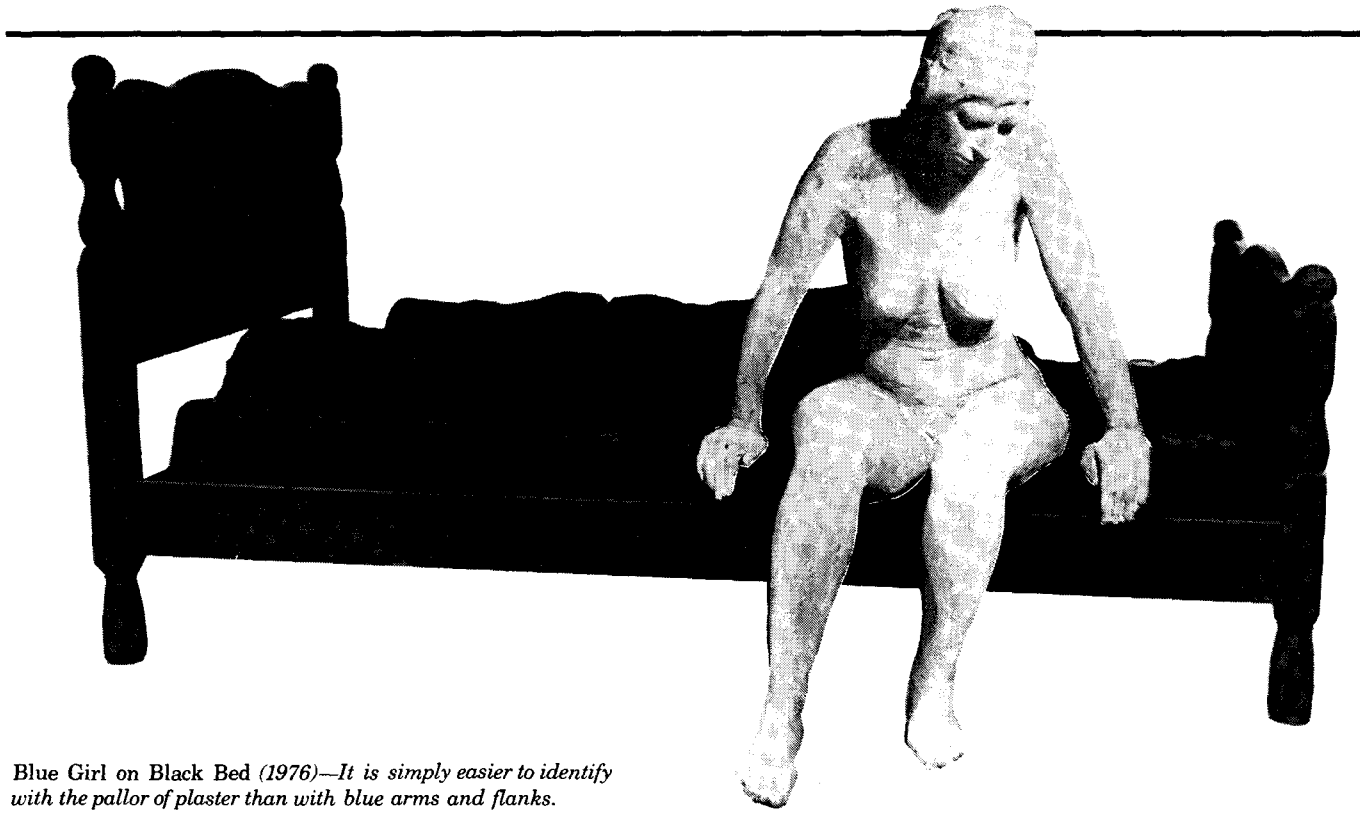

Blue Girl on Black Bed *(1976)—It is simply easier to identify with the pallor of plaster than with blue arms and flanks.*

Mondrian's palette too, and in one of the most recent pieces re-created a suburban shopping center hot-dog stand with a pseudo-Mondrian for a ceiling. Though he seems at first glance the most representational of artists, Segal performs a balancing act with figures and objects on one side and abstraction on the other.

The tableaux tell elusive stories, mostly unhappy, trapped in a mold and isolated. But Segal told me he does not think himself basically a social commentator. (Does he have a world view? "Yes," he said, with a small smile, "but I don't want to explain it to you.") His interest lies in private states of mind. His narratives have neither beginning, middle, nor end. "My wife loves to watch the soaps, but I'm impatient. I've heard those stories. We all deal with the same things. I'm interested in the very subtle ways the body implies those stresses." His plotless dramas relate to Happenings, those controversial performances which involved so many writers and artists in the Sixties, and which he refers to as "the painter's visual theater." Segal lent his chicken farm and his person to several Happenings. They were too ephemeral for his taste, but their nonnarrative, allusive parade of disconnected bits of time influenced the dissatisfied plaster lovers, the nude who waits in the hall, the couple separated by a half open door.

The tableaux with white figures in colored environments and some of the white reliefs strike me as Segal's finest work. Some achieve the goal he expressed of "tying together the threads of form, memory, association." These stolid figures haunt quite ordinary corners of existence, bringing with them *our* memories of what it was like to be there, to move like that. The white figures alone or on white grounds, like *Lovers on a Bed II*, run the risk of seeming merely embalmed. The color tableaux, with colored figures, which he began working on in 1965 but did not exhibit until the Seventies, have a grand formal power—yellow door, blue girl, red chair, zip zip zip, a homage to Barnett Newman—but they have lost some of the power of associative force that gave the best works their emotional pull. Even if the white figures do not always work, it is simply easier after all those centuries of white marble to identify with the pallor of plaster than with blue arms and flanks or Day-Glo magenta torsos. The painted reliefs that come close to flesh are difficult; poor Meyer Schapiro has been mummified before his time.

The white reliefs fairly shimmer with sex. They are tender and joyous, devoted to the female torso in all its ripeness and suggestion. The reliefs, like the tableaux, trap snippets of the real world, such as bathrobes and porcelain soap dishes, then play them off against real-unreal plaster thighs and breasts. The bodies are smooth—Segal switched to making "inside casts" rather than the molds themselves in 1971 when he wanted to do fragments and sought more refined detail. Their carefully finished and fragmentary nature relates them to classical art, but they emerge from rough surrounds that swell and recede romantically, and they carry with them those robes and plumbing fixtures, modern apparatus of assemblage.

One might have expected Segal to turn to relief. His sculpture wrestles to reconcile two and three dimensions. He began as a painter. His very first sculptures, in 1958, plaster figures built on wooden armatures, stood before semi-abstract paintings as if they had just broken free of the surface. His tableaux may be, should be, viewed from almost every side, but rarely from the back. Their large, blank backgrounds invite the viewer to read the figures as silhouettes. The *Girl Emerging From Tile Wall*, a relief of 1974, puts the matter neatly, metaphorically; the three dimensional figure bursts her two dimensional confines, the plaster sculpture no longer stands in front of a painted surface but bends it outward with her insistent roundness. Segal speaks of "how incredibly real both two and three dimensions are to us. When you read something on a two-dimensional page, the sensation is strong enough to provoke all sorts of emotions."

His art speaks consistently of poise and tension: real and unreal, color and white, two dimensions and three, abstract expressionism and post painterly abstraction and the figurative tradition locked in conversation. It is a conversation of styles and modes and qualities, sometimes awkward. But when the balance is right, those raw casts and painted doors, plaster bandages and bar stools, set up an oddly haunting dialogue in the mind.

Vicki Goldberg is a contributing editor of American Photographer.

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Stratford-on-Trial

THE STRATFORD FESTIVAL in Canada began its season by opening seven full-sized productions in five days—an astonishing theatrical feat. Such abundance and professionalism have come to be as expected of Stratford as has critical disapproval.

Over the years, I have been as predictably negative as anyone. It has taken all this time for me to realize that, in a way, I have been missing the forest for the trees. For although nearly every production at Stratford leaves something to be desired, usually in the realm of zest, the greater truth is that nearly every production is also presented with utmost professionalism and craftsmanship. The Stratford Festival makes high theater on a level matched only by the Western world's greatest companies: London's Royal Shakespeare Company and the National Theatre of Great Britain. No organization in America or Canada can approach Stratford's expertise, the actors' technique, the beauty of scenery, and the exquisite design and making of costumes, wigs, boots, and all the rest. Theater is an art of externals, and to miss them is to miss the point.

Stratford's current season has an especially attractive schedule. The main stage (the Festival Theatre) has only Shakespeare—*Love's Labour's Lost* followed by *Henry IV, Parts One and Two.* While I am in a minority as a partisan of the former, I have never doubted that we are a correct minority. *Love's Labour's Lost* is not, as it is so often accused of being, merely the showing off of a precocious young Shakespeare, though I don't know what's so wrong with that. The play is warm and lovely and not unwise in its account of four earnest intellectuals—the King of Navarre and his friends—who vow celibacy for the sake of scholarship. The ladies who undo them, and show the life of the heart to be as important as that of the mind, are themselves brainy. This lends the romances special and magnetic charm.

As for *Henry IV,* the first part makes it possible for *Henry V* to be Shakespeare's greatest history and prepares the trilogy to be the author's major statement about the breeding and development of a monarch. The second part is not as good but is important, particularly because here Prince Hal succeeds his father to the throne and dismisses at last the childhood irresponsibility personified by Falstaff.

ROBERT C. RAGSDALE

Richard Curnock as Nathaniel, Pamela Redfern as Jaquenetta in Love's Labour's Lost

Stratford's current productions of the two are typically polished and zestless. They are also striking for the king's prominence in what are usually Prince Hal's plays. Douglas Rain, for so long a member of this company and once one of its leading men, is now playing the King—some years ago he was the Prince. Rain is a meticulous actor, but here he seems statuesque as he emphasizes the enduring guilt of Henry IV for having usurped the throne of Richard II. Rain takes the stage because Richard Monette, who is playing Prince Hal, is, like too many males in the present company, young, pretty, and lacking the bravura of a real male lead. Monette plays Hal as if he were modeling the costumes, and while he is showing us his jacket, Rain walks off with the play. Although neither Monette nor the production ought to be dismissed, the lack of a male lead is certainly Stratford's greatest problem at the moment.

On the other hand, the festival is courageous this season in opening without the presence of guest stars. The addition of name actors (such as last year's Maggie Smith and Brian Bedford) offends and demoralizes the company. Stratford was being most daring this year and the public responded by buying fewer tickets; it is a public weaned on stars. I wish that a new beginning were being made but I'm afraid that the star is merely coming a little late this year—in the person of Peter Ustinov playing *King Lear.* What's worse, Ustinov hasn't the credentials of some of Stratford's spear carriers.

Over at the Avon Theatre, the festival's proscenium house, the actress Zoë Caldwell has inherited an odd venture: She is directing *Richard II* with three actors rotating as Richard in alternate performances. Odder still is another concept Miss Caldwell inherited from artistic director Robin Phillips: a Racine-like production with actors freezing on the stylized, almost Oriental set while the speaker recites speeches inflectionlessly. Thus impeded, Miss Caldwell nevertheless coaxed an extremely affecting final speech from one of her Richards—the gifted Frank Maraden—who made a touching figure of this strange and vulnerable Shakespearean king. Otherwise, though visually stunning, the production was hard to take.

Held over from successes in past years at the Avon was a production of Oscar Wilde's almost perfect play, *The Importance of Being Earnest.* Lady Bracknell is played by William Hutt in drag, which is not the offense one anticipates because Hutt is subdued and does not make the theater's greatest snob into a drag queen. The big event at the Avon is Philip Barry's entrancing *Holiday,* made into a musical with songs drawn from Cole Porter's trunk and retitled *Happy New Year.* (Barry and Porter were well matched before, when the composer made *The Philadelphia Story* into the film musical, *High Society.*)

Director Burt Shevelove has trimmed the script and revised Porter's lyrics to make them relevant to the story. The device of a narrator, unsatisfactory casting, an overly dark scenic concept, and dreary orchestrations drain the production of vitality, but there is great promise in this show as a stylish, intimate musical play. Some of the songs are real discoveries and the basic spirit of Barry's classic is intact.

Overall, then, there are opposite ways of looking at this year's Stratford Festival. One might complain about everything, complain with justification. It seems to me, however, that what *has* been done there this year is sleeker and more mature than what any theater in North America does or can do. It is our one theater in the international league and we might appreciate that.

—Martin Gottfried

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Of Blobs and Banalities

RIDLEY SCOTT is the English director who made his debut last year with that fine and stylish film *The Duellists*. That film was based on a Conrad novella, and a slight Conrad flavor remains in Scott's new movie, a space shocker called *Alien* (20th Century-Fox).

The space ship in *Alien* is called the *Nostromo*. It is not manned by one of those high-class, idealistic, antiseptic crews that *2001: A Space Odyssey* and *Star Trek* and *Battlestar Galactica* have accustomed us to. The *Nostromo*'s crew consists mostly of seedy and unkempt men, a collection of unshaven adventurers rather like the El Dorado Exploring Expedition in *Heart of Darkness*—"reckless without hardihood, greedy without audacity, and cruel without courage." There are also two women, one who is jittery and inclined to hysteria, the other one controlled, earnest, and intelligent.

The *Nostromo* is in the employ of the Company, an unexplained but plainly powerful and probably sinister presence, communicating through a computer called Mother. As the *Nostromo* flies back toward earth with a routine commercial cargo, the Company directs the crew to investigate mysterious signals coming from a deserted planetoid. There the *Nostromo* acquires the Alien, a horrid blob of flesh and teeth that lurks in dark corners, attacks when least expected, cannot be killed, and appears under some mysterious protection.

The techniques employed are those of an old horror film, like *The Thing*, or, to go farther back, *The Cat and the Canary*. *Alien* is one of those movies where the characters behave with such sublime foolishness that voices cry out from the audience warning them not to do what they are about to do. But they have to do it if the shocks are to continue.

Still, Ridley Scott's touch with actors is sure. Sigourney Weaver is pretty and pawky as the young woman who turns out to have the coolest head on the *Nostromo*, and Ian Holm and Yaphet Kotto stand out among the rest of the crew. And Scott has calculated his directorial effects with skill. After a slowish beginning, the film acquires a smart pace. The set, with its twinkling consoles and whirring computers, is sufficiently technological to induce a modest suspension of belief; not enough, however, to lead anyone to believe very hard, which is why I disagree with the reviewers who were indignant over *Alien*'s shameless assault on the sensibilities. Violence is a problem in the movies when the camera relishes it in a thoroughly realistic context.

Tom Skerritt examining the remains of a non-human space pilot, before he has met the Alien.

If you want to be chilled on a hot summer night, you might well try *Alien*. However, sensitive children and fainthearted adults should stay away. One hopes that Ridley Scott, who retains his gift for stylish films, will find a more substantial subject in his next try.

Players (Paramount) obviously seemed like another good idea for a summer movie—the story of a young tennis hustler whom Pancho Gonzalez transforms into a contender, with the climax taking place in the center court at Wimbledon. Add the twist that the tennis player falls in love with an older woman, and the resulting complexities ought to command the attention even of those whose enthusiasm for tennis is under strict control.

The film indeed opens promisingly with the sounds of Wimbledon in the background. The finalists tensely await the beginning of the match. Dean-Paul Martin, a pretty good tennis player and also a pretty good actor, a sort of juvenile Robert Redford, does well as the hustler. Ali MacGraw makes an effective comeback as the woman and Pancho Gonzalez is superb as Pancho Gonzalez. (Ilie Nastase stamping on his racket is also perfectly cast as Ilie Nastase.)

The match in the center court frames the story. Between the points flashbacks depict the hustler's rise to glory. Unfortunately the screenplay, concocted by Arnold Schulman, could hardly be more inane. When it is not embarrassingly cute, it is blatantly idiotic. MacGraw is the kept woman of an Italian industrialist who orders her periodically to his yacht on the Mediterranean. The generally fine actor Maximilian Schell plays his mortifying role as the yachtsman so perfunctorily that, when I saw the film, his scenes with MacGraw plunged the audience into uncontrollable hilarity.

In spite of Schell and his yacht, MacGraw finds herself responding to the tennis player's adoration. Schell tries to end the affair by sending his man on the night before the Wimbledon final to tell Martin the awful truth about her. The core of the hideous revelation turns out to be that she had not, as she had told Martin (but how did Schell know she had told him?), gone to Vassar.

Insofar as the script purports to explore the problem of affairs between younger men and older women, it is a nullity. The only plausible lines in the movie are given to the BBC tennis commentator (and were probably written by him). Anthony Harvey's direction takes the fatuous screenplay in dead earnest.

For tennis addicts, like this reviewer, *Players* is bearable, even though it fails to do justice to the pageantry of Wimbledon and though the shots of the matches are generally unimaginative. Non-tennis addicts should give it a wide berth.

—Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

A Musical *Guide Michelin*

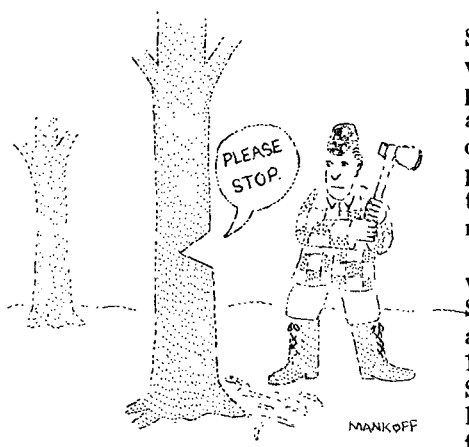
REFERENCE BOOKS are, to the professional writer, as essential as a typewriter, a proper lamp, or well-fitted glasses. And like these other utilitarian items, they are apt to be taken for granted. But when a truly great reference book appears it would be churlish, not to say ungrateful, to allow its advent to be unremarked.

It would also be a disservice for musically minded readers, who yearn for a source to keep up with the inevitable comings and goings of celebrities over the decades, to fail to report that Nicolas Slonimsky has given them just that. He has crowned his career as the greatest musical lexicographer of our time with a totally new version of *Baker's Biographical Dictionary of Musicians* (Sixth Edition, Schirmer Books, $75), which he has been re-editing since 1958.

In short, the old body (the first edition appeared in 1900) has had not merely a blood transfusion but a face lift, a new hair piece, dentures—the works. Its spine is as flexible as a baby's but as tough as a bear's. Each page is as wide as Horowitz's hand, and the type fairly leaps from the page. What is most important, however, is that what the type spells out is as readable as it is reliable.

When it came to wearing learning lightly, Slonimsky was into nylon (in such books as *Lexicon of Musical Invective, A Thing or Two About Music,* and the famous *Music Since 1900* series) before it was invented. He is a man so entertained by finding out long-forgotten facts that he can hardly wait to put them into print.

As an instance, on page 1413 of the new edition is a biography of the celebrated Hungarian violinist Eduard Reményi stating that he died in San Francisco, California, on May 15, 1898. This comment in itself is a curiosity, but what follows is extraordinary: "He collapsed suddenly while playing the pizzicato from the *Sylvia* suite of Delibes ... and died of apoplexy." That strikes me as pure "*Thing or Two About Music*" Slonimsky, but I must accept it as fact from lexicographer Slonimsky.



The peculiarity of this entry is that, when I looked up Reményi to check some detail of a tour in which his pianist was the young Johannes Brahms, I found that the great composer is unmentioned. On the other hand, the biography of Brahms mentions that he toured with Reményi, without identifying the year (which was 1853). Such is the lot of the lexicographer.

I have referred to Reményi (a Hungarian Jew, born Hoffmann) as the "celebrated" Hungarian violinist. Slonimsky describes him as "eminent." This puts into focus one of the endless fascinations of his superb volume, which, in addition to rendering research not merely painless but enjoyable, makes the book the equivalent of a musical *Guide Michelin.*

"Celebrated" is a factual term relating to an individual's prominence, while "eminent" is a subjective rating worth at least three forks on anybody's escutcheon of personal tributes. With Slonimsky, the obligation to confer a judgment is entirely personal. Rather than identifying a composer as "unimportant," a pianist as "inconsequential," or a critic as "deplorable," he simply leaves the unmentionable unmentioned. However, one may easily establish where the equivalents of Michelin's four-star restaurants may be found in Slonimsky's musical firmament, relatively speaking.

Let us start with Mozart. Says Slonimsky: "Supreme genius of music whose works in every genre are unsurpassed in lyric beauty, rhythmic gaiety and effortless melodic invention." In other words, Mozart is such a towering phenomenon of the musical landscape that any journey is worth the effort to make his acquaintance.

How about Bach? There are, to begin with, no less than 20 entries in Slonimsky's text, arranged not merely alphabetically but chronologically. No. 1 is Hans Bach, born in 1604. Johann Sebastian is No. 12, born 1685. Of the latter Slonimsky remarks: "The most famous of the family, and one of the great masters of music." In other words, okay if it is on your way, but not necessarily worth a side trip.

Other marks of merit assigned by Slonimsky may, through random riffing of pages, be catalogued thus: Dmitri Shostakovich is the "preeminent Russian composer of the Soviet generation"; Giuseppe Verdi is the "illustrious Italian composer of operas"; Robert Schumann and Bedrich Smetana are both "great"; Richard Wagner, to give him neither more nor less than Verdi, is also "illustrious" and "creator of the music drama." But in keeping with the extraordinary volume of writings by and about him, Wagner is given nearly twice as many columns as Johann Sebastian Bach and all his sons.

These are, however, incidental to a one-volume dictionary whose content is of a magnitude rarely attempted and never surpassed. Herein one can find, separated by only a few pages, Schütz, Heinrich ("great German composer" 1585–1672) and Sinatra, Frank ("popular American singer" born in Hoboken, N.J., December 12, 1915 and described as a "practitioner of 'mal canto' "). On the same page are listed "Shaw, Artie (real name Arthur Arshawsky) American clarinetist and band leader, b. New York, May 23, 1910" and "Shaw, George Bernard, famous Irish dramatist," 1856–1950, with the matter of his musical involvements. Also listed are Reich, Steve ("American composer") as well as Reich, Willi ("Austrian writer on music").

These references are cited merely as instances of the sprinklings and seasonings, the enticements and spices with which Slonimsky has added succulence to substance in one of the most appetizing works of research ever created. What matter if he has awarded himself (together with a description as a "failed *wunderkind*") *all* of page 1615, twice as much as Sir George Grove (creator of the most famous of all musical dictionaries, *The Dictionary of Music and Musicians*) is allotted and 10 times more than "Basie, Count (real name William), black American bandleader, pianist and composer"?

Why not? If I had compiled a massively inclusive, extraordinarily up-to-date research work of equal distinction, I'd have done the same.

—Irving Kolodin

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Is There a Doctor in the House?

by Ted Morgan

Confessions of a Knife
by Richard Selzer
Simon & Schuster, 209 pp., $8.95

The Medusa and the Snail
More Notes of a Biology Watcher
by Lewis Thomas
Viking, 175 pp., $8.95

AMY HOROWITZ

WHY ARE THERE so many writer-doctors? The company includes Rabelais, John Keats, Oliver Goldsmith, Tobias Smollett, A. Conan Doyle, Anton Chekhov, W. Somerset Maugham, Louis-Ferdinand Céline, Gertrude Stein, William Carlos Williams, and Walker Percy, who once said: "If you want to be a novelist, work in the wards."

Medical school gives a writer something that is unavailable in other academic disciplines: a direct experience of human suffering and a professional familiarity with the defective organization of the mind and body. The medical student sees at first hand the pathology of human beings and learns that the "normal" is not easy to come by. He also learns to observe his patients with scientific detachment, a method the writer can adapt to his material.

Chekhov, a practicing physician all his life, said that medicine was his wife and literature his mistress, dearer to him than his wife. He was nonetheless aware that "the study of the medical sciences seriously affected my literary work; they significantly enlarged the field of my observations, enriched me with knowledge, the true value of which for me as a writer can be understood only by one who is himself a physician; they also had a directive influence and probably because I was so close to medicine I avoided many mistakes."

For Maugham, who as an obstetrics clerk in a London hospital delivered 30 babies, work in the wards was "life in the raw," which he would not have encountered at Oxford. He saw how men died and bore pain, and learned that suffering does not ennoble. Although he did not practice after getting his degree, he said: "I do not know a better training for

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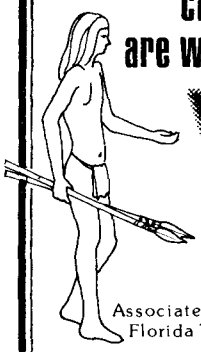
What kinds of ancient civilizations are we walking on?



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By David E. Jones

Associate Professor of Anthropology
Florida Technological University

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a writer than to spend some years in the medical profession."

Admitted inside people's homes, doctors are permitted to be present at births and deaths. William Carlos Williams instinctively knew that "only medicine, a job I enjoyed, would make it possible for me to live and write as I wanted to." He did not want to be a surgeon, he said, because "I don't fancy a life spent dabbling in people's guts." So he became a family doctor, and made house calls and burped babies. In so doing, he discovered the raw material of his poetry. "My medicine," he wrote, "was the thing which gained me entrance to these secret gardens of the self.... I was permitted by my medical badge to follow the poor, defeated body into those gulfs and grottoes." In like manner, many of Chekhov's stories are based on his contact with families in the Russian towns where he practiced, and Maugham's first novel, *Liza of Lambeth,* is really a reportage on the London slum to which his intern's black bag gave him access.

More than material, medicine provides an approach, the skeleton of a writing style. Its practice, like the practice of letters, concerns the whole man. In its concreteness, it teaches that life consists of particulars, that no two situations are identical, and that the human body is a paradoxical host, extremely durable and extremely frail. "That is the poet's business," William Carlos Williams wrote, "not to talk in vague categories but to write particularly, as a physician works upon a patient, upon the thing before him, in the particular to discover the universal."

Among today's writer-doctors, Richard Selzer and Lewis Thomas represent the position of doctors in our society as a kind of priesthood. Ordained by virtue of their degree, and initiated into the complexities of modern medicine, today's doctors bless and anoint their patients with the sacraments of diagnosis and laboratory tests. They are custodians of an arcane body of knowledge, which the writers among them, like Selzer and Thomas, agree to share with the faithful who read their books.

In *Confessions of a Knife,* Selzer, a surgeon on the faculty of the Yale School of Medicine, takes us inside operating rooms to watch the human body being treated like defective plumbing, and introduces us to such rites of surgery as tube feeding and aorta transplants.

In the surgeon's world, life is the beeping of an electrocardiograph. In his bloody scrub suit, a surgeon must keep that sound from fading. Whether a patient dies or not, he must go on to the next operation. His profession lends itself to musings on the human condition.

Selzer's material, containing as it does the true drama of the surgeon's job (it is no accident that the place where operations take place is called a theater), is often fascinating. But his style, an overblown pastiche of 17th-century prose, unsuited to the subject matter, spoils the account. It is unsettling to have modern medical techniques described in a language borrowed from a time when surgeons were also barbers.

Selzer takes us into the operating room.

Selzer is incapable of saying anything plainly. For him, death is "the vile repose within," a gall bladder attack is "biliary treason," love is a "burry prickle," and a traveler is a "tireless traipster." Too often, he sacrifices accuracy for an arresting image. The surgeon opens the body, he writes, "like a vandal looting a gallery." Why should an act of healing be likened to vandalism? Or, writing about a dresser of wounds, he says: "I plant my acreage of gauze, then stand back to wait for the dark red fruit to appear," as if the gauze were the seed that sprouted into blood, whereas it's just the opposite; the gauze is intended to cover the wound and keep the blood from spreading.

Selzer's style is poured on like gravy to disguise stale food. "It would seem," he writes, "that a man who has sworn by Hippocrates to heal the sick ought to exercise ferocity in the suppression of his inhalational urges, lest he sow deadly nightshade in fertile minds." Translated into plain English, this means: "Doctors shouldn't smoke."

The prose, complete with elaborate conceits and invocations to the "gentle reader," seems derived from such 17th-century writers as Thomas Browne (also a doctor) and Jeremy Taylor. The son of a barber, Taylor was an Anglican bishop and devotional writer of great power and eloquence, known as "the Shakespeare of the pulpit." The cadence and rhetorical devices of his prose are echoed, three centuries later, in Selzer's writing.

Here is Jeremy Taylor: "Take up little proportions and spread them upon the tongue or palate, but full morsels and great draughts are easy and soft to the

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touch....And therefore let not the pleasure be intended beyond the taste....Do not run to it beforehand, nor chew the cud when the meal is done."

Selzer outdoes Taylor with his oratory: "What is like unto the tongue, O Lord? What is like unto the tongue? Dewy flap; goalie to the throat, cheek-char; mopgum; a muscle from whose trembly tip poetry drips, like saliva....Browse away, Tongue, thou groom and cradle of love. For such work, a thousand of you would not surfeit be."

Selzer occasionally echos not only Taylor's style, but his thought. Taylor wrote that there were advantages to sickness, because it "takes away the sense of all the cross fortunes which amaze the spirits of some men and transports them certainly beyond all the limits of patience. ... The fears of want and the trouble of ambition lie down and rest upon the sick man's pillow." Selzer agrees that "it is not altogether a bad thing to be a little sick. La grippe, ague, the vapors, and even the common sinking spell offer to Moslem, Jew, and Christian alike the chance to take to bed and stay there while the rest of the world goes to work." This is ecumenical, but derivative.

What a relief it is to go from the pulpit tone of Richard Selzer to the plain and exact writing of Lewis Thomas. When Thomas attempts an image, it is accurate and unforced: "Warts are wonderful structures," he writes. "They can appear overnight on any part of the skin, like mushrooms on a damp lawn, full grown and splendid in the complexity of their architecture.... They sit there like turreted mounds of dense, impenetrable horn, impregnable, designed for defense against the world outside."

Thomas starts with the careful observation of minute particulars and makes them reverberate in the mind. Most often, he uses examples from biology, although he is a medical doctor whose present position is president of the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center. In the title essay of this second collection of Thomas's articles, *The Medusa and the Snail*, he introduces us to two of the lowest creatures on the evolutionary ladder, a sea slug and a jellyfish, who inhabit the Bay of Naples. The jellyfish, a tiny parasite fixed to the underside of the sea slug, produces healthy offspring. When it is the sea slug's turn to produce larvae, they are engulfed within the umbrella-shaped body of the jellyfish. The undigested and hungry larvae begin to eat the jellyfish from the inside, eventually completing the cycle of a full-grown sea slug with a jellyfish parasite fixed to its skin. Here, says Thomas, we have a collaboration between two species who must consume one another if they are to survive.

He does not enlarge upon his story, but some might see in this biological curiosity a parable of modern marriage, or a model of man's relationship to his environment. Thomas manages to present the biological data so that it tells us something about the human predicament, as if, at every stage of evolution, from the sea slug to the vertical biped, sentient creatures were acting out analogical scenarios.

HELEN MARCUS

Thomas helps us observe life.

Nature, he tells us over and over, provides models for complicated social behavior. The observation of ants, for example, leads him to suggest that altruism is built into the biological makeup of humans, and that it is only a matter of time before scientists isolate the helpfulness chromosome.

Observe what takes place when we are attacked by disease-carrying germs. A person infected with meningitis, for instance, is not killed by the germs that enter his body, but by the lymphocytes he manufactures to go after the germs. "The defense mechanism," writes Thomas, "becomes itself the disease and the cause of death, while the bacteria play the role of bystander." In each of us, it seems, there is a Pentagon capable of ordering missile strikes against a relatively inoffensive foe, and the result can be fatal.

These are scary things to live with, since we have no control over the mechanisms involved, but Thomas is like a reassuring teller of bedtime stories who promises that we don't have to be afraid of the dark, and that everything will work out for the best. Gazing into his microscope, he comes up smiling. He believes in progress, and advises us that we are better than we think, that we have improved more than we think, and that we are healthier than we think. He foresees the day when we will be a disease-free species, when the great killers such as cancer and heart disease will have been routed. The day may come—although other medical men say that the cure for cancer is nowhere in sight—but

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a disease-free society will have its own set of problems, such as what to do with a huge population of centenarians.

Thomas is so balanced and thoughtful a writer that I was surprised, on one or two occasions, to catch him at special pleading. To attribute a disease to the environment, or wrong ways of living, he says, is an oversimplification. He is convinced that the cure for cancer will turn out to be "a single switch at the center of things." One wonders about the propriety of Thomas, as the head of Sloan-Kettering, taking sides in this ongoing debate.

In the meantime, the Cancer Society tells us that 80 percent of cancers are caused by environmental pollutants. Scientists involved in the study of carcinogens say that Thomas is doing cancer research a disservice by committing himself to the "single switch" theory. As a biochemist who once worked at Sloan-Kettering put it: "Thomas had everything in *Lives of a Cell* [his previous book] except Red Dye no. 2."

This objection aside, Thomas remains a valuable writer, the only one I can think of who is able to translate obscure scientific data into a body of thought that demonstrates the connection between biological phenomena and the way our society functions. His work has the texture of permanence. He is one of those doctors who will be remembered as writers.

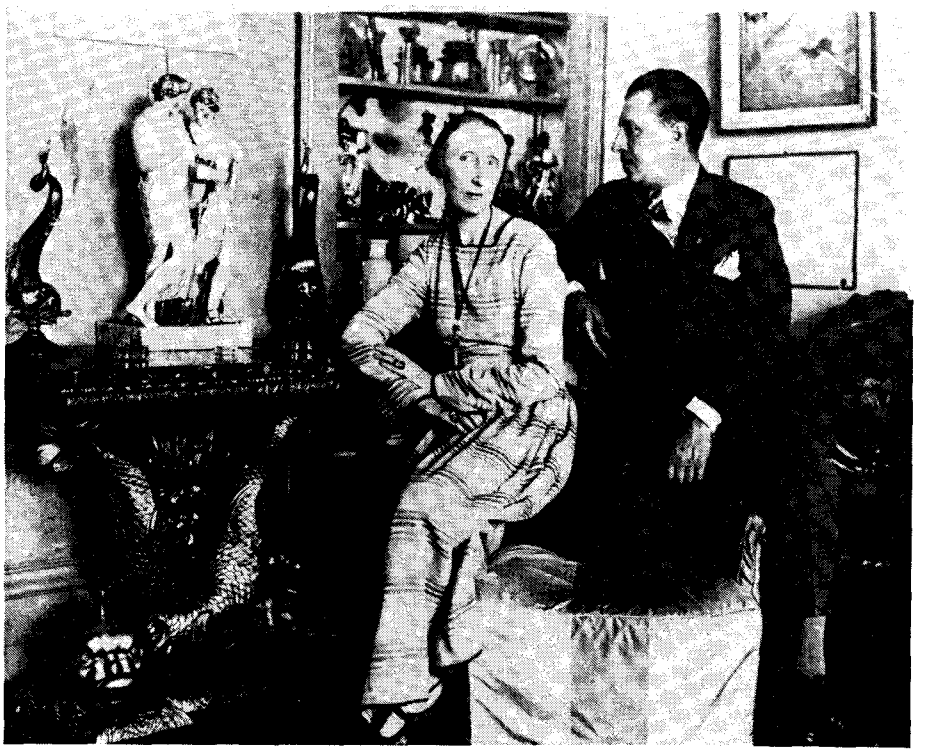
Giraffes in Horsey England

The Sitwells: A Family's Biography
by John Pearson
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich
534 pp., $15

Reviewed by Martin Green

THE THREE British writers named Sitwell, two brothers and a sister, were so famous in the first half of this century, both in this country and in England, that John Pearson's collective biography of them is also a survey of English literary life between 1920 and 1950. *The Sitwells* is not a literary or intellectual history of those years because it does not have an intellectual perspective, and "serious" characters like the critic F.R. Leavis and the poet T.S. Eliot (one an important enemy of Edith's, the other an important friend) put in only brief and embarrassed appearances. But from every other point of view, Pearson's account of these three strange figures is very satisfying.

Edith, Osbert, and Sacheverell Sitwell were born in 1887, 1892, and 1897 respectively, the children of a rich and eccentric Yorkshire baronet. (The family money came from coal mines on the estate.) Sir George Sitwell was as strange as his children were to be—extravagantly egotistic, conceited, and cold-hearted. He had indeed a turn for the aesthetic like the one they would develop—for the art and architecture of rococo Italy. He saw himself as a fine old Edwardian aristocrat, a flower of the English Establishment, and tried to force his children to play a similar role.



Edith, who confronted passion, and Osbert, who failed in his writing because he skirted it.

The children would have none of it. They identified themselves with art and artists, and with—to a lesser extent—other kinds of radicals, and they rebelled against the Establishment and their father. Like others in their generation, the Great War of 1914–18 left them hating their fathers and predisposed to radicalism. So the Sitwells became writers: Edith a poet in the grandest style, Osbert an autobiographer, Sacheverell an art-historian and critic. They promoted each other's careers and seemed inseparable allies against their common enemy. After a brilliant start in the 1920s, their reputations suffered some eclipse in the politically minded Thirties, but after World War II they became notorious at, and were often taken to represent, art and genius in England.

Of course, the most serious critics did not yield to them, for whether it was on their popular lecture tours of America, in their presentations of *Facade* (Edith's poems recited to William Walton's music), or in their television interviews, the Sitwells were above all performers. While a young officer, fresh from the cavalry, Osbert was asked about his taste in horses, and replied that he preferred giraffes. It was precisely as giraffes that they presented themselves to the horsey world of England. They were literally very tall and stiff-necked, and their literal image was an important part of their careers. Many iconic portraits were painted of them, especially of Edith, and the painters they liked, whether Modigliani or El Greco, presented a similar icon.

In photographs of the three together, especially those by Cecil Beaton, the three played ring-a-roses in fancy dress, or lay on alabaster tombs with their hands folded. Elegance, artifice, and death—these were the elements of their style, and the Sitwells found them already intertwined and artistically developed in the *commedia dell'arte*, which is in fact why that became an important aesthetic experience for them and their generation. They wrote about the world of Pierrot, Harlequin, and Columbine—the worlds of carnival, circus, and pantomime—and introduced that spirit into all their work.

Above all, this mood was embodied in the Ballets Russes of Diaghilev. Osbert saw Stravinsky's *Firebird* in 1912, in which the great mime Cecchetti played the wicked wizard, defeated by a feather plucked from the Firebird's breast. Osbert saw in this ballet an allegory of his own struggle against his father. He felt that "the raging of the old tyrant, and his sycophantic cronies and dependents, *could* be faced .... Now I knew where I stood. I would be, for as long as I lived, on the side of the arts." That is what the

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commedia tradition stood for. Being quite unconnected with religion or morality, it represented the triumph of art (and youth and beauty and pleasure).

And what art triumphed over was above all Sir George and Lady Sitwell. The five volumes of Osbert's autobiography are full of anecdotes against his father, and after finishing them he composed another book, *Tales My Father Taught Me*. In many ways the limitations of the Sitwells' interest for us can be measured in those anecdotes. Enough actual letters are quoted to make clear that Sir George was indeed the monster Osbert claims. He did, for instance, keep them very short of money, and refused to tell them to whom he would finally bequeath his fortune. But the children's accounts omit the detail that would have made us understand their father's point of view. That their stories are one-liners is the kind of serious artistic flaw of which they were always guilty. It is striking, for instance, how much of Edith's wit comes down to manipulating people's names; like calling Beryl de Zoete "Beryl the Peril." This childishness may be a little engaging, but it's a far cry from serious wit.

Similarly, Pearson points out that the autobiography fails because it refuses to describe the real dramas of Osbert's life, which derived from his homosexual love-relations. He refused to discuss his private life, his real self.

It is Edith whom this book leaves us interested in and engaged by. There were elements of passion in her. She did, for instance, admit in her early poems to a murderous hatred of her mother. These poems are not very successful, but they are more substantial statements of her identity than any of the others she ever made. Moreover, as Pearson says, she was generous to the point of self-denial in certain relationships, while being, for instance, very short of money and often in bad health. Edith was somewhat religious and entered the Roman Catholic Church in 1955. Perhaps most strikingly, she did try to bring her poetry to bear on history at its most contemporary and most tragic: In *Three Poems of the Atomic Age*, she aimed at greatness.

Even in her case, however, one's admiration and sympathy are limited, in just the way one's response to the *commedia dell'arte* is limited. The Sitwells lived *commedia* lives, marked by the horrible; they were interested in mass murderers, liked to imagine that Sir George died by violence, and their own ends were decidedly grotesque.

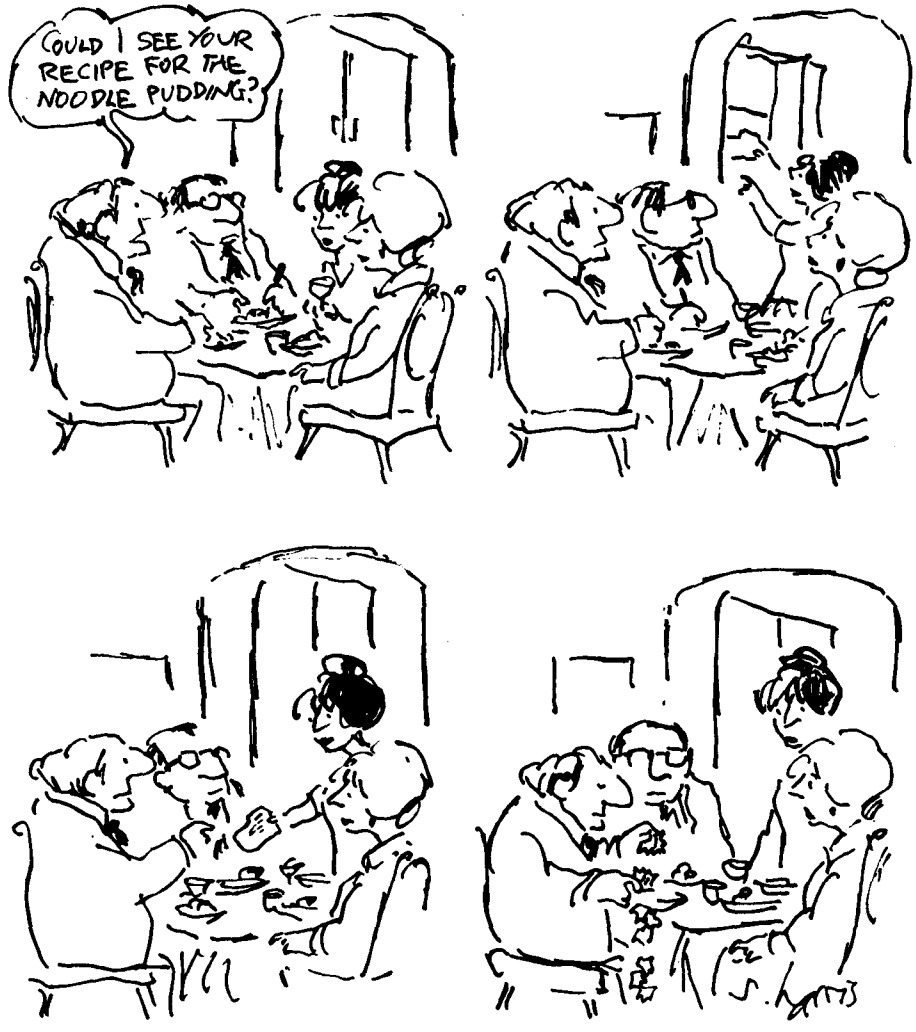
The story of their last years is the new material this book has to give us. For one thing, there were bitter quarrels between the formerly so devoted trio; Sacheverell in the end lapsed out of contact with the other two. For another, there was extreme financial inequality between them; while Osbert was so rich, Edith was very poor and had to live as his dependent.

After Edith had died, Osbert, like his father, refused to reveal to whom he would leave his money and Montegufoni, the castle in Italy where he lived part of the year. At Osbert's funeral, Sacheverell's wife still was assuming that she and her husband were to inherit the castle, and was acting as if she were already the castle's chatelaine, though others who were present knew it had gone to someone else. In the end, the money went to Sacheverell (too late for him to enjoy it), the property to Sacheverell's son (with no money to keep it up). It was a will eminently worthy of the hated Sir George.

Even more grotesque is the story of Osbert's relations with his lover, David Horner. They seem to have formed their relationship in 1926, and it lasted nearly 40 years. David was always the beloved of the two. He insisted on a free life, on the right to be unfaithful.

When Osbert developed Parkinson's disease and progressively degenerated, David's refusal to limit his freedom and devote himself to nursing his friend caused great bitterness in the family. Sacheverell and Edith came to hate David. Osbert suffered, for instance, from the Parkinsonian rush, a tottering forward in an unstoppable series of tiny steps, often ending in a fall. An attendant had to hold on to him from behind and try to bring him to a standstill, since David was not available for such duties. Moreover, while Osbert grew old and ugly, David stayed remarkably youthful, handsome, and available for other affairs. Nevertheless, Osbert remained devoted to him, and Montegufoni was initially bequeathed to him.

But in the winter of 1962, a time when other people in the castle had suffered misfortune (Edith fell more than once, blacked both eyes, even knocked herself out), David mysteriously fell down a flight of steps, smashed an arm, broke several ribs, and nearly died. When he recovered, he was an invalid. Osbert hired a Maltese servant, who gradually became a devoted disciple of his. In the new shape of Osbert's life, this young man, who wanted to educate himself in art and literature, took the place formerly held by David. Gradually, and silently, Osbert withdrew. Suddenly David was ejected from the London flat (to which they had returned) and disin-



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herited. He attempted suicide.

In his last months Osbert was almost entirely incommunicado, sheltering behind his servant/disciple/friend, while his family and former intimates intrigued and speculated about the disposition of the property. What end could be more bizarre, more *commedia* in style? And what could have formed a worse climax to the generous hopes and fraternal solidarity of the 1920s?

Martin Green, a professor of English at Tufts University, is the author of Children of the Sun, *in which the Sitwells are discussed.*

Books in Brief

Mother's Helper
by Maureen Freely
Delacorte/Seymour Lawrence
366 pp., $9.95

MAUREEN FREELY'S remarkably clever, hilarious first novel does a devastating job on the fatuous excesses of the Sixties and early Seventies. In the vivid, nightmarish household of the Pyles, a well-to-do New England academic family, the counterculture seemingly prevails as Kay—mother of three, graduate student, and self-styled feminist—urges her children and assorted strays to "love and interact harmoniously" within a "viable morality framework."

Laura, the mother's helper, a befuddled college freshman raised by expatriate parents, searches intermittently for the meaning of life. During her year with the Pyles, from which she emerges sadder but wiser, she learns it certainly can't reside in their inane liberalism, specious feminism, mechanical sex, or hypocritical benevolence. The villainous Kay's "mask of serenity" conceals rage and a voracious selfishness that menaces her children.

Mother's Helper is filled with bizarre delights: an intercom system that guarantees openness and publicizes every grunt and snore; a matchless scene of the most joyless sexual threesome in fiction; and such modern intergenerational squabbles as "I feel you're lying!" "I feel I'm telling the truth!" About halfway through, though, comedy disconcertingly gives way to something more grim as self-indulgence takes its toll, and Freely shows herself a satirist of deadly seriousness. Her indictment broadens to encompass not only the mores of a particular epoch, but the persistent folly of the adult world. In the end, Laura notes, "Her only friends were the children." The flaws in *Mother's Helper* are minor ones of inexperience. Freely's outlook is funny, cruel, unrelenting, and at times brilliant.

—LYNNE SHARON SCHWARTZ

Sleepless Nights
by Elizabeth Hardwick
Random House, 151 pp., $8.95

AS EVERYONE knows, women's memoirs are infinitely more interesting than men's because, having traditionally been denied the breadth of life's choices, women have had to live more intensely. They tell us what we really want to know about life. Not who did what to whom, but *how did it feel.*

Elizabeth Hardwick's new book may be a novel, but in any case it is a novel about what and how we remember. Her narrator is more autobiographical than not, which allows Hardwick a certain structural freedom—and also certain ellipses and privacies.

What Elizabeth, the narrator, remembers is the motley host of people met along the way. They are neither statesmen, kings, nor courtiers. No brilliant literary conversations are repeated here. Her eye focuses instead on next-door neighbors, nodding acquaintances, friends of friends. On people observed on a train or met at a party. On a succession of her maids. Mostly she remembers other women—we get to know a laundry woman on one page, Billie Holiday on another. But whichever their sex, Elizabeth's people have been "betrayed by life." They are victims of "the torment of human relations."

How, then, did it feel? It felt lousy. In a word: pitiful. *Sleepless Nights* is painful to read. It's like rubbing an old bruise to see how much it still hurts. And yet for all the hurt recalled here, despite the implication that betrayal follows seduction as the night must follow the day, this is a communication of remarkable intimacy, almost of tenderness for the unseen reader. It is not a typical feminist novel. It is nonetheless quite a useful book for those with feelings, one that even our daughters' granddaughters will want to consult—if not for comfort then for truth—in their own, quite predictable, sleepless nights.

—CAROLE COOK

Extraterrestrial Civilizations
by Isaac Asimov
Crown, 352 pp., $10

ALTHOUGH ASIMOV finds the evidence of UFOs "unacceptable," he believes other technological civilizations do exist because of "the principle of mediocrity"—in a cosmos with billions of possible worlds, our world cannot be utterly atypical. Like a black hole, *Extraterrestrial Civilizations* contracts, moving from a billion trillion possibilities to imaginable probabilities as Asimov shows how the origins of life and the conditions that permit it to evolve limit civilization to 540 planets in our galaxy.

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The information, ranging from early speculation about space to pulsars and red giants, is impressive and is lucidly presented; but the chain of logic leading to the title's assertion is as unstable as a mile-long game of crack-the-whip. While I respect Asimov's resistance to UFOs, a drunk's sighting of a purple saucer is, finally, as credible as Asimov's argument.

Asimov does wonder "where is everybody" from these civilizations. In the last chapters he discusses the presently insurmountable difficulties of interstellar travel and communication. We are not alone, but we might just as well be. Even so, Asimov ends with a *Battlestar Galactica* vision of the future. A hundred years ago people believed there were holes at the poles. Using Asimov's probabilistic methods, one can believe those holes just haven't been found yet.

—THOMAS LECLAIR

Travels With Henry
by Richard Valeriani
Houghton Mifflin, 400 pp., $12.95

THIS ANECDOTAL history of Henry Kissinger is the stuff from which future historians will puzzle out the human eccentricities, wit, and driving forces behind a great and controversial figure whose public pose was both reassuring and unaccommodating, but whose private life was supposed to be that of a "swinger." Of the latter NBC diplomatic correspondent Richard Valeriani says little, for there was nothing much to speak of really. Of the former the author disposes by giving us an excellent portrait of Kissinger's relationship with a press that served as both natural antagonist and loyal foil to a man who jokingly responded to the question of how he'd prefer to be addressed, "If you will just call me 'Excellency' it will be okay."

Valeriani may not write with the style of Brendan Gill or Alistair Cooke, but his stories bring us into the closed world of shuttle journalism in a way that has not been done before. He leavens his details of high-pressure negotiations with revealing anecdotes about the human beings who lock horns over momentous issues: Brezhnev playing with a toy cannon during the SALT talks; Golda Meir remarking of Kissinger praying at the Wailing Wall, "Look at that schmuck—talking to himself beside a pile of stones"; Kissinger himself on a losing position with the Vietnamese, "The time to negotiate is not when you're getting your brains beaten in."

One would like to have more insightful comment from Valeriani himself, but he plays an accurate Boswell to Kissinger's Dr. Johnson. One would like to have had Richard Valeriani covering Metternich and Talleyrand at the Congress of Vienna.

—JOHN MARIANI

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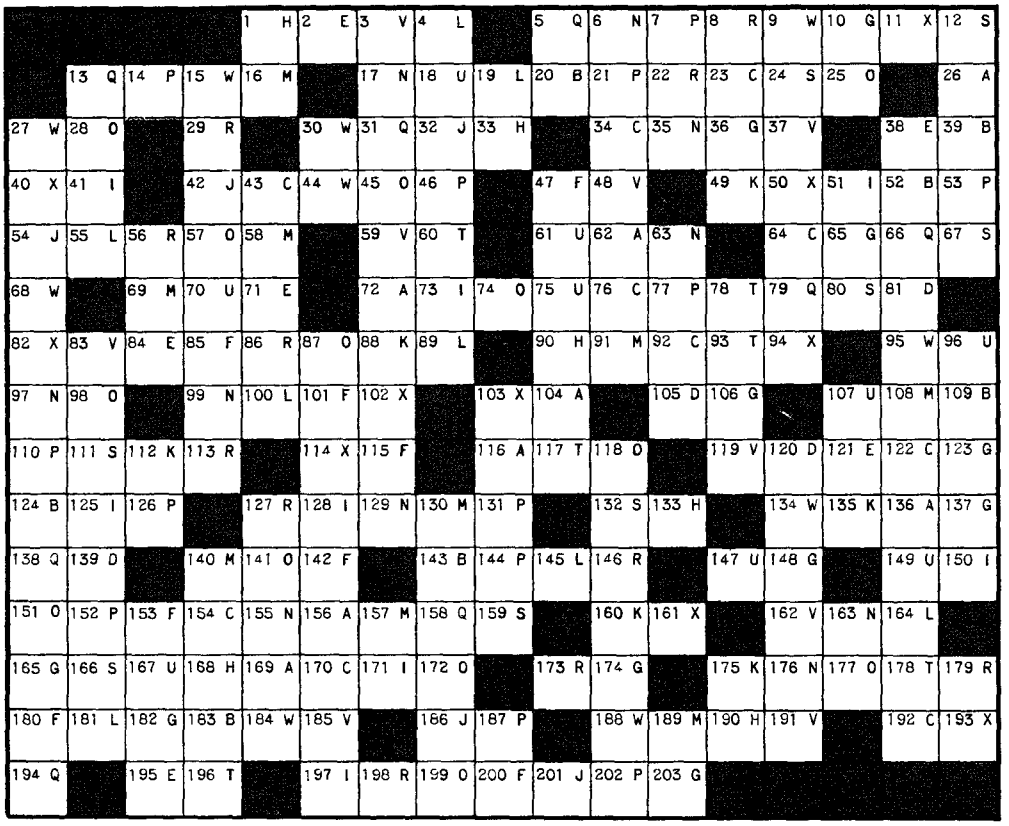
DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 177

by Thomas H. Middleton

Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.



Answer to Double-Crostic No. 176 appears on page 5.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Kayos	26 62 72 104 116 136 156 169
B. Joseph's younger son (Gen. 41:52)	183 20 39 52 109 124 143
C. "___ of two or three witnesses shall every word be established (3 wds.; II Cor. 13:1)	170 192 23 43 76 92 122 154 34 64
D. Island between Tonga and Cook Islands	81 105 120 139
E. Weaver in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*	195 2 38 71 84 121
F. Lacking reserve; overflowing	142 153 115 180 200 47 85 101
G. "I have led my ___ where they are peppered," says Falstaff (*Henry IV, Part I*)	123 137 203 10 36 65 174 148 165 182 106
H. Evil demons, originally of Oriental legend; grave robbers	33 90 133 168 190 1
I. Malayan people native to the Philippines	41 197 73 128 150 171 51 125
J. Implies	186 201 32 42 54
K. Mother of Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Sarpedon	88 112 135 160 175 49
L. Barefoot (like Joe Jackson, who played for the Athletics, the Indians, and the White Sox)	55 100 145 164 181 4 19 89
M. High-spirited	157 69 91 108 130 189 16 58 140
N. American actor; voice of Francis, the talking mule (full name)	6 163 35 63 97 99 129 155 176 17
O. Unpolished, crude; loaded for bear (comp.)	28 57 199 74 141 151 172 25 45 118 177 87 98
P. Long on looks, pretty (4 wds.)	21 14 77 110 144 202 126 7 46 187 152 53 131
Q. Followers of Aquinas	138 13 31 66 79 158 194 5
R. "The authorities"	8 179 127 56 22 86 29 113 146 173 198
S. Unsubstantial; even less fortunate than Word L	111 67 80 132 166 24 159 12
T. Beauties, pips, sweethearts	117 93 60 196 178 78
U. Not liked	18 96 107 147 149 70 167 61 75
V. Gloomy, grim	3 59 83 162 119 191 37 185 48
W. Californian herb, genus *Orthocarpus* (comp.)	27 188 9 184 134 30 95 15 44 68
X. Jumping, swinging; boisterous	11 103 82 94 193 40 161 114 102 50

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Wasting Away

AIRBORNE, en route from New York to California: As I write, a trim, attractive attendant is collecting passengers' plastic dinner trays. On each remain unwanted portions of what was an acceptable, if undistinguished, airline repast. I note that a number of self-disciplined diners have resisted one or more of the starches on the tray—the roll or the two sorts of crackers, each individually wrapped in cellophane, or the mountainous heap of mashed potatoes (included, I suspect, to divert attention from the slight beef slice beside it) or the chocolate cake. Many of the separate corrugated-paper containers of salt and pepper have been snapped. In view of the fact that nobody has eaten either his napkin or his plastic beverage cup or his plastic placemat or the plastic in which his flatware was wrapped or his plastic French salad-dressing pouch, the quantity of trash on most trays exceeds the quantity of food that was consumed.

More waste recalls itself to me. Earlier in the day, my wife and I left for the garbage collector a weekend's accumulated trash, neatly trussed in a "kitchen-sized" plastic bag—no less than eight pounds of cans, cartons, bottles, bags, boxes, paper towels, sneakers with holes in the soles, newspapers, junk mail, some dead tennis balls, plus the ordinary kitchen refuse. And yesterday, after ascertaining that my new automobile tire, which some prankster had punctured, was irreparable, I left the hefty accessory in God's hands, at the junkyard, and bought a new one.

In less than 48 hours, I have been responsible for disposing of materials weighing, perhaps, 25 percent of my body weight. Without taking into account those dismal and costly weeks when a refrigerator or automobile or furnace goes finally, irrecoverably, on the blink, I am throwing away more than my weight in garbage once a week.

I am, quite candidly, shocked at myself. Though no ascetic, I think of myself as temperate, not profligate. Nonetheless, I daily toss out things that Robinson Crusoe or the impoverished thrifty natives of various Caribbean islands would fight to possess. I recycle almost nothing—not through any disinclination, but because the few recycling schemes that exist are, for my wife and me at any rate, wasteful in terms of either time or car fuel.

Material thrift has become almost impossible; the system conspires against it. As a society, we assign the highest value to our leisure and therefore a lower value to all things that might demand our time and attention. Disposable, self-cleaning, self-defrosting, easy-to-use, ready-to-wear, ready-to-eat, three-in-one, all-purpose—these are the adjectives that get our consumerist juices churning. No matter that the time most of us save we then fritter away in front of the garrulous TV; what we crave is freedom, and we don't care how much stuff we discard to enlarge that freedom.

Now, all this would be unobjectionable if supplies for our wants were boundless. But they are not. Americans are killing one another in gas lines. Old people are anxiously anticipating a fuel-short winter. And our quite properly nonbelligerent foreign policy virtually assures our being blackmailed in the future by small nations and cartels, such as OPEC, that control the supplies of things we want.

Some Americans derive from these portents the lesson that we must give up our dreams of continuing real growth, that we should restrain our appetites, make do with and perhaps redistribute what we already have, and not demand more. Other Americans blithely ignore these portents in the belief that, as we have in the past, we will in the future find ways to produce what we want and that there is no need to restrict our appetites as those nervous-Nelly no-growthniks recommend.

For my part, I subscribe to neither faith and to both. To one who, like the famous antacid tablet, consumes at least 50 times his weight in material stuff annually, it seems reasonable to assume that depletion is worth worrying about, for the sake of one's children, if not one's self. On the other hand, we *are* an ingenious and bull-headed nation. When we want something, we *do* usually get it. The worse the odds, the more we relish the challenge.

Growth and thrift are not mutually incompatible. What Americans need to do is to alter our wants, to learn, as earlier, hardier generations did, to despise waste. We should abhor products and packages that lack all versatility; we should crave what we can reuse. For what the American consumer demands, American industry swiftly supplies.

When I was a boy, my mother used to collect the lead caps that sealed wine and liquor bottles and roll them into a ball that, she said, one day might be a doorstop. I remember the wonder I felt as the ball grew bigger and heavier, and the respect I felt for the tops of all wine and liquor bottles. It was not that we particularly needed a doorstop. I think I even suspected that the result of our labors was not likely to be handsome enough to use. What delighted me was the sense of mystery, of knowing that within those lead caps lived a doorstop and heaven only knows what else.

Today, such caps are mostly made of thick, intractable, utterly unreusable plastic. I hate them.

—Carll Tucker

"The next dance you will see is for partly cloudy conditions with moderating temperatures."

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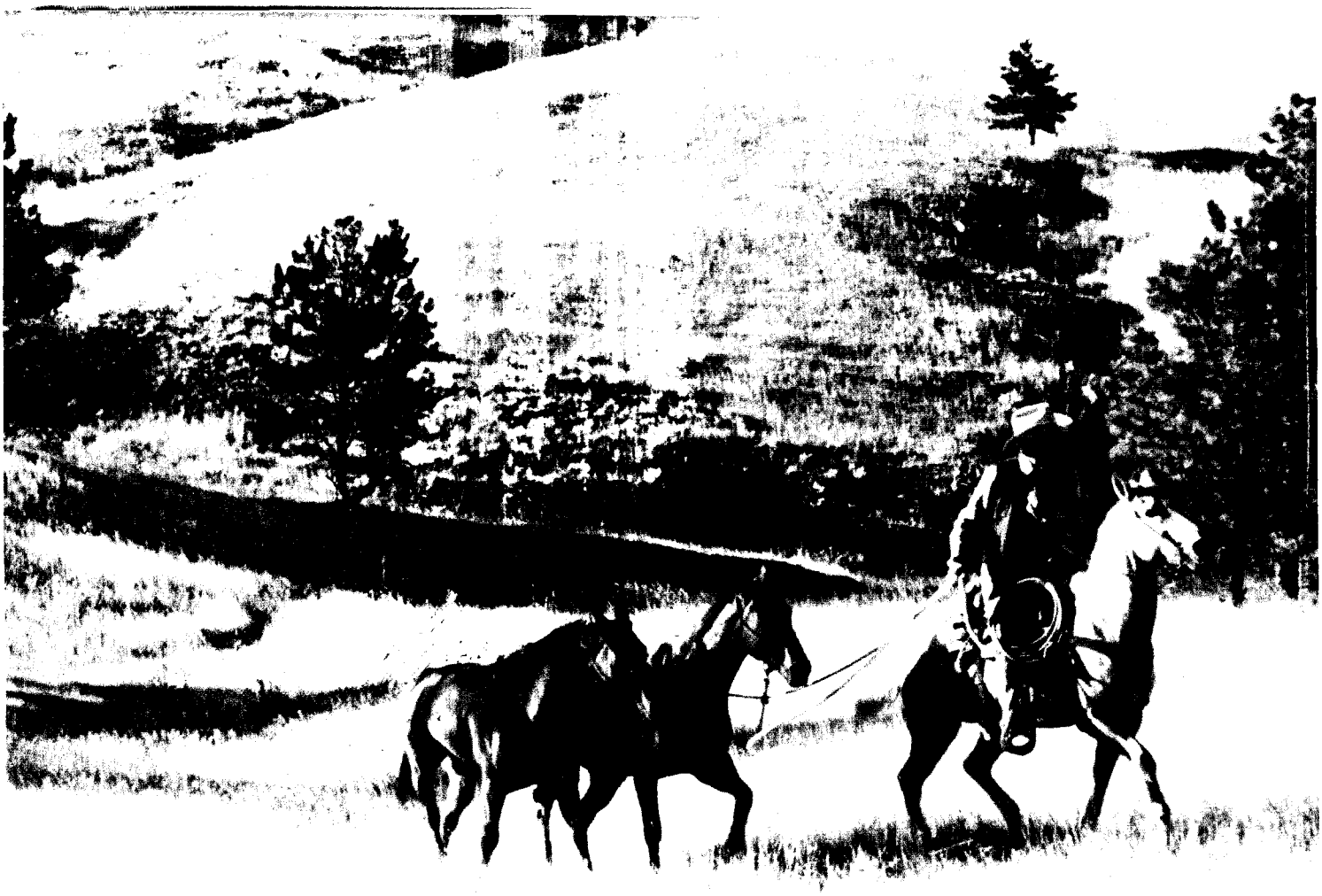

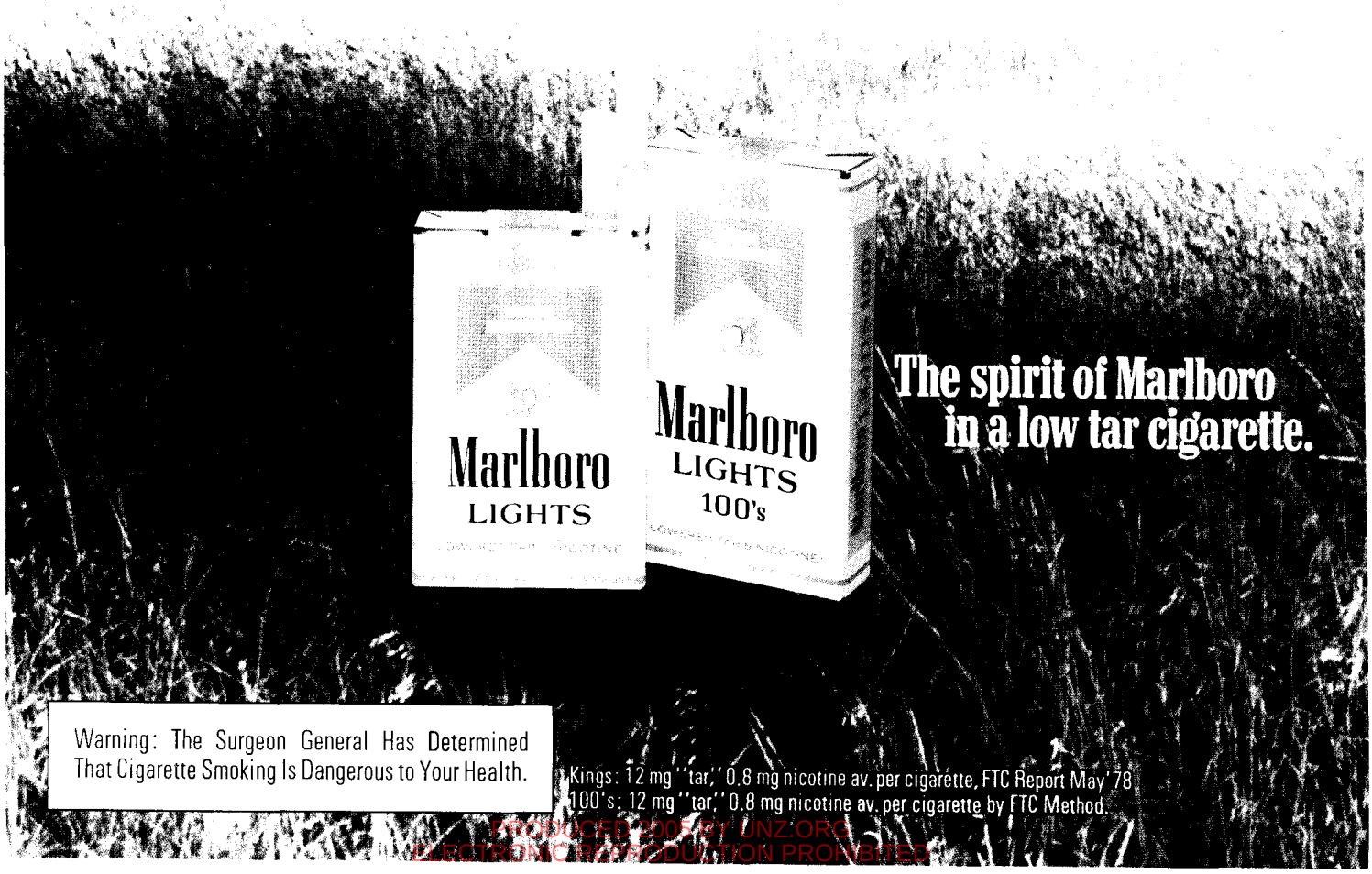

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78.
100's: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

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